The Episcopal Recorder.

TRUTH AND PEACE.

VOL. XXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1843. NO. 36.

The Episcopal Recorder:

REV. JOHN A. CLARK, D. D.
" WILLIAM SUDDARDS,
" STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D. } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
WILLIAM STAVELY,
At No. 12 Pear street.

TERMS.—The price is $2 50 per annum in advance, or $3 at the expiration of three months. No subscription received for a less term than six months. A notification to discontinue must be made at least one month previous to the expiration of the year. No subscription will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

Poetry.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.—*Rev. xx. 3.*
BY REV. GEORGE CROLEY.

King of the dead! how long shall sweep
Thy wrath! how long thy outcasts weep!
Two thousand agonizing years
Has Israel steeped her bread in tears—
The vial on her head been poured—
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword.

'Tis done! has breathed thy trumpet blast,
The Tribes at length have wept their last!
On rolls the host! From land and wave,
The earth send up th' unransomed slave!
There rides no glittering chivalry,
No banner purples in the sky;
The world within their hearts has died;
Two thousand years have slain their pride!
The look of pale remorse is there,
The lip, involuntary prayer;
The form still marked with many a stain—
Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;
The serf of Afric's fiery ground,
The slave, by Indian suns embrowned;
The weary drudges of the oar,
By the swart Arab's poisoned shore,
The gathering of earth's wildest tract—
On bursts the living cataract!
What strength of man can check its speed?
They come!—the Nation of the Freed!
Who leads their march? Beneath his wheel
Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!
Before their tread His trump is blown,
Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done!
King of the dead! oh, not in vain
Was thy long pilgrimage of pain;
Oh, not in vain arose thy prayer,
When pressed the thorn thy temples bare;
Oh, not in vain the voice that cried,
To spare thy maddened homicide!
Even for this hour thy heart's blood streamed!
They come! the host of the Redeemed!

What flames upon the distant sky?
'Tis not the comet's sanguine dye,
'Tis not the lightning's quivering spire,
'Tis not the sun's ascending fire.
And now, as nearer speeds their march,
Expands the rainbow's mighty arch;
Though there has burst no thunder cloud,
No flash of death the soil has ploughed;
And still ascends before their gaze,
Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze:
Still, as the gorgeous clouds unfold,
Rise towers and domes, immortal mold.

Scenes, that the patriarch's visioned eye
Beheld, and then rejoiced to die;—
That, like the altar's burning coal,
Touched the pale prophet's harp with soul;
That the throned seraphs longed to see,
Now given, thou slave of slaves, to thee!
Whose city this? What potentate
Sits there the King of Time and Fate?
Whom glory covers like a robe,
Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
Whom shapes of fire and splendour guard?
There sits the Man "whose face was marred,"
To whom archangels bow the knee—
The weeper in Gethsemane!
Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel:
For now thy withered heart can feel!
Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame,
There sits thy glory and thy shame!

The Editors devolve all responsibility connected with this article, as it relates to its sentiments and facts, upon the writer. It is becoming more and more their settled opinion, the less there is personal in a religious paper, the more useful will be that paper. We give place to our present correspondent somewhat reluctantly on this ground—his high respectability entitles him to a hearing.—EDS. REC.

Messrs. Editors,—It is well for us to attentively observe "the signs of the times," for surely they are rather portentous, at least, within our own limits.

"One Bishop claims an absolute veto on all the doings of his Convention, another ordains a man who is unable to obtain his certificates from his own pastor, as the Canons of the Church require, brings them from another, and claims to do this by divine right, and a third says he is above all law."

It is, doubtless, pretty generally known who these Bishops are, they have obtained for themselves no very enviable notoriety.

A copy of the Journal of the last Convention of the Diocese of Vermont has just reached me, and on looking over it I observe several things which may well be classed among the signs of the times and as worthy of special notice. I doubt not, Messrs. Editors, that you are of the opinion that all our Ecclesiastical proceedings, whether of General or Diocesan Conventions are subjects of legitimate discussion, and therefore you will not deem the following remarks unsuitable for your columns.

It appears that soon after the present constitution and Canons of the Diocese of Vermont were adopted in the year 1836, much dissatisfaction with them was expressed throughout the Diocese, an account of some of their peculiar features, especially the *veto* on all acts of the Convention which they conferred upon the Bishop. This dissatisfaction became so strong, that at length the Bishop found it expedient *to permit* a motion to be made for a revision of that celebrated code of laws. This was done in 1840. At the Convention two years afterwards the committee which had been appointed for that purpose, attempted to present their report, when the Bishop objected to that proceeding on the ground that he had not had sufficient time to examine the report of the committee, and that until he had he would not suffer it to be presented to the Convention,—he strenuously maintained that every proposition of that kind, from deference to the Bishop and for the peace and unity of the Church, should originate with, and emanate from himself. In defending the stand which he thus felt himself under the necessity of taking, he expatiated largely in the powers of "primitive Bishops," and said he was conscientious in the views which he entertained in regard to the powers of the Episcopate,—warned the Convention to beware how they interfered in a matter upon which they did not appear to be properly informed, and in conclusion admonished the Diocese to remember that they had elected him with their eyes open (knowing what he was), and now they must take him as they found him. The committee, however, were not intimidated, they insisted upon their right to present their report, and after some further opposition on the part of the Bishop, he consented to its being done, but only on the condition that the report should neither be spread out upon the Journal of the Convention nor its merits discussed, lest the diocese should be disturbed by it. The report was then read—laid over, and the committee continued.

The manner in which this matter is noticed in the Journal above referred to, is one of the things in it which arrested my attention.

There, at the very conclusion of the proceedings of Convention, it is simply stated that the Committee on the Constitution and Canons presented their report, that it was approved, and that the proposed Constitution and Canons were referred to the next Annual Convention of the Diocese for its action thereupon. Here is an unprecedented proceeding! A committee, altogether the most important, of a Convention, make a formal report without assigning a solitary reason for what they had done. But perhaps they did, and in this instance as in the former, it was not thought *expedient*, by him under whose supervision the Journal is always made up and published, to spread out the *whole* report upon its pages. Another thing worthy of notice is, that in the "revised Constitution and Canons" which are appended to the Journal, the veto stands out as prominently as ever.

"The Bishop, *without whose approval no enactment of the Convention shall take effect*, shall preside in the Convention *ex officio*." (4th Section of Canon 1st.)

How to account for this, I know not, for it was pretty generally understood in the Diocese, that the opposition, in the first instance to the Canons of 1836, arose principally on account of the veto, and further that the Bishop's opposition to the report of the first committee was to be ascribed to his perceiving therein a proposition to remove it.

Can it be that the committee, in the course of the year, (from one Convention to another) were operated upon by an influence which they could not resist, and altered their report so as to have let the veto remain? There is reason to apprehend that it was so, for the Bishop, in his Annual Address, remarks: "Of the topics requiring particular attention at this time, I know of nothing special besides the set of Canons which were laid before us at the last Convention, and of which a copy has been furnished to me to allow of a careful and repeated examination. The alterations are much more extensive than I could have anticipated in *form*, but in *principle* and in *substance* I am glad to perceive that the committee have displayed in general, a faithful adherence to all that can be considered important." In the conclusion of the address, he remarks that the present Constitution and Canons (those of 1836) cost him much thought and labor, and he could not himself see why they should be laid aside, nevertheless, he was ready and willing to accept the proposed collection, provided some few objections which he had pointed out, were removed. The Veto, however, is not among the objections.

Another thing which I notice in this Journal, is the manner in which the Bishop speaks of that important feature in our Ecclesiastical system, The Standing Committee. "There is yet another subject, on which I have of late years, been strongly inclined to think that we had adopted a mistaken principle, and that is the subject of the Standing Committee. Of the existence of such a body in the Episcopal Church, I shall not now discuss the propriety. Very certain it is that there is no such thing in any other Episcopal Church on the face of the earth, and that it must be set down as a pure novelty, confined solely to ourselves. But still it is a part of our system, by the express enactment of the General Convention, and as such I have no difficulty in embracing it, and sustaining its proper claims." If *principle* were to prevail in the Church, or things were as they should be, the Bishop would be without "a council of advice," untrammelled, but since they are not he must submit to them! In these sentiments, Messrs. Editors, I recognize the counterpart of those which are reported as having been expressed, in the late Convention of a Diocese in your vicinity. The Bishop there remarked, that when he came into that Diocese, he came with his eyes open, he knew that it had a code of laws, and what they were, and to them he was willing to submit, but he was not willing to submit to any new restraints which the Convention might see fit to put upon him.

There are other things in this Journal which are worthy of notice, but the few which have now been specified are enough to warn those whom they most concern, of their danger, and duty. No one can peruse the Bishop's Address with attention, and observe its peculiar spirit and phraseology, without being convinced that he strives to make the government of his Diocese eminently *patriarchal!*

W.

For the Episcopal Recorder.

CONCIO AD CLERUM.

"Make full proof of thy ministry." 2 Tim. iv. 5. This is never done by an indolent man, one that presses his bed when he ought to press his work, that sleeps while the world is awake, or that pampers himself in any way more than he pampers all his natural desires. There is not, in my estimate, a more melancholy page in the book of human life than that which proclaims the all but utter waste of the high and holy in our nature, which is so often witnessed amongst those who should be standing examples of the martyr spirit in all its forms. The martyr spirit! Would he go to the stake for Christ, that will not labour for him, and especially in circumstances where every thing favours such work? Would he give up *himself* for any cause, who is he will not for the same give up his slothful unease ease for an hour or two in the morning, or at any time during the day, while he has strength enough left? Do we not deceive ourselves, if we think of having given up all for Christ's sake, when we daily *keep back* those very faculties that qualify us for his service, refuse to *act* because we feel more inclined to remain inactive? It was not thus that St. Paul disposed of himself. Imagine what must have been the amount of his habitual activity, muscular, mental, spiritual, the sum of his daily efforts. Would he ever have been called an indolent clergyman? Or, was his activity more than his vocation demanded? Was it more than is demanded of the clergy in these days? Are there not a thousand good works still to be performed in the world? Let any one look at the spiritual wastes about him—can he not see far more to be done than he ever attempts? What power has he entrusted to him that need lie unemployed? Or suppose, instead of looking at his actual present powers, he has reason to think that by any process of self-discipline, physical, mental or moral, he may greatly increase them; can he wish to withhold the service that might so be rendered? There are in fact many points in the daily habits of all indolent men, where a decided improvement is perfectly possible, and the means of it easily set forth. For example, let one of this class rise an hour earlier than he is accustomed to, and spend half of it in the use of a flesh brush and cold sponging, and the rest in prayer—he will thereby redouble his energy; and after a little use more than redouble all his wonted pleasures. One not used to such a process, will of course laugh at him who speaks of it as experience warrants some to do. The habitual vigour and elasticity thus gained, are half the battle of life for those who are otherwise prone to the lethargy so common in our profession. I call it lethargy, for such it evidently appears to one who associates at all with men in other departments of activity. Now must it be so, that in the very department, where of all others we should daily entreat,

"Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite."
(Bp. Ken's Morning Hymn.)

We actually display less zeal, use less strength than in any other. Let it not be so. What if we should make the verse just quoted and one preceding in our 164th Hymn, part of our standing first devotions; might not such prayers do us good? I am sure they ask more than we commonly get; do they ask more than we ought to seek?

My brethren will of course pardon me if I go beyond my province in these suggestions, and believe in all true affection,

FRATER MINIMUS.

From Bishop Eastburn.

ERRONEOUS CONCEPTIONS OF THE NATURE OF THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

After this view of the nature of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, we shall be prepared to look, with greater discrimination, at some of those erroneous conceptions of its character, which are prevalent in the world around us. This is that second branch of the subject, to which I promised to invite your attention.

And 1. If the representations that have now been made be correct, then that is a very inadequate notion of this ordinance, which reduces it to *a mere sign of fellowship between the members of the Christian society.*

The view to which I refer, and which was maintained with pertinacity, in opposition to Luther, by some of the continental Reformers, is simply this. The body of the church is composed of a large company of members. Now, in organized associations among the children of this world, men find it productive of harmony and mutual good-will to meet together at some fixed season; and, at the festive board, to recognize in each other companions, brethren, and friends. Of the same kind it is pretended, is the sacramental feast. It is a token and a bond of union, between the numerous persons who compose the family of God. And as such, it deserves to be kept up, from generation to generation, by the professed followers of Christ. Now, that the Holy Communion does answer his purpose, none can pretend to deny. Those who meet at this holy table are brought together, in a most interesting manner, as disciples of one master, and as travellers to the same eternal destiny. And the world certainly presents no spectacle to us more impressive, than that which the sacramental celebration holds forth: where the rich and the poor; the learned and the unlettered; the master and the servant; the prince and the peasant; are blended together as beings, who, notwithstanding all the adventitious distinctions of this life, are partakers of the same riches of redeeming blood, and heirs of the same immortality. But to confine this blessed institution to such an intention, were surely to forget the language of that inspired volume, from which the warrant for its observance is drawn. At this heavenly banquet, we come to commemorate His love, who saved with an everlasting salvation them that were lost. We come to receive, amidst the doubts, the discouragements, and the spiritual darkness of our journey, the supports of divine consolation. We come to experience the blessed Master's presence: manifested to us in forms, in which he doth not manifest himself to the world; and with a beauty in which he is seldom presented to us, on other times and occasions. Need I urge, then, how low and defective is that conception of sacramental privileges, to which I have just called your attention? And in thus falling short of the scriptural mark, it has received the unequivocal condemnation of our Church; who in her twenty eighth Article, thus speaks: "The Supper of the Lord is *not only* a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another; but rather it is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death: insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ; and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ."

Again. According to what has already been advanced, those persons must be deemed defective in their views of this Sacrament, *who, while they are willing to admit, that besides being a sign of union, it is also a prescribed commemoration of Christ's death, yet limit it to such a meaning.*

It is, truly, an institution in which we bring to mind our master's sorrows; and with grateful hearts, dwell upon the remembrance, that He who dwelt in the glory which he had with the Father before the world began, for our sakes divested himself of this splendor—had not where to lay his head—"became obedient unto death"—and endured the sharpness of those pangs, which the wrath of God sent like the iron into his soul. All this the festival of the Lord's Supper is:—but it is something more. It is an established medium of strength and comfort: it builds up the renewed inner man, as with sustaining nutriment: and it is by this very blessing which it carries with it, when received with a true penitent heart, and lively faith, that we, the ambassadors of Christ, are emboldened to urge it with such unwearied importunity upon the adoption of all Christian men. We can say to the professed servants of God, who abstain from this heavenly banquet,—approach to the Lord's table, as ye value your own peace, and as ye desire your continued growth in grace. Here may the wayfaring man find the choicest food to revive his fainting powers. Here he may, ever and anon, pause to draw water from those "fresh springs" of salvation which are bubbling forth, at frequent intervals, along all the line of his journey. Come hither, for "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." Let us beware, then, how we attribute less to this divine and blessed ordinance, than is pronounced of it in the word of inspiration. And amidst the loose and conceited notions of this latitudinarian age, it is an edifying exercise to turn to the standards of our wise and sober Church; who, while she treads under foot the perilous delusion, that the simple administration of this sacrament is necessarily attended with spiritual efficacy, yet as clearly maintains that, where it is taken with the right dispositions, it is "a certain sure witness, and effectual sign of grace, and God's good will towards us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us." Allow me to awaken you to the due sense of your privileges, as the possessors of this most precious institution in the Church of Christ. Allow me to speak to you in the unparalleled language of one of our old Homilies:—"Here may the faithful feel wrought the tranquillity of conscience, the increase of faith, the strengthening of hope, the large spreading abroad of brotherly kindness, with many other sundry graces of God. The taste whereof they cannot attain unto, who be drowned in the deep dirty lake of blindness and ignorance. From the which, O beloved, wash yourselves with the living waters of God's Word, whence you may perceive and know both the spiritual food of this costly Supper, and the happy trustings and effects that the same doth bring with it."

Thirdly. By bearing in mind the view which I have presented of the character of the Holy Communion, you will perceive plainly the erroneous nature of that conception of it, *by which it is supposed to be a means of spiritual blessing to an unawakened and worldly heart.*

The mistake to which I allude is simply this. Some individual or other is in a state of uneasiness and anxiety, in regard to the eternal welfare of his kindred or his friends. They are living in a thoughtless and impenitent career; and are without God in the world. Under the notion that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a channel of grace, without any respect to the inward condition of him who receives it, this well intentioned relative or companion exhorts them to resort to the Holy Table; intimating to them, that, although they are now dead to spiritual things, this step will be the means of communicating to them a new and heavenly life. Now, a more delusive imagination than this never arose within a human mind. The very nature of a sacrament is, that it is a covenant between God and the creature; promising certain blessings on His part, and requiring certain conditions on the other. In the case of the penitent and believing heart, these conditions are fulfilled. The renewed man approaches the communion table, under a deep sense of his own sins, and of the wonders of redeeming love; and he, being thus quickened and alive, by the power of the Holy Ghost, receives nourishment to his life from this feast of sacred remembrance. Having been born again, he is capable of being fed with food; and, being fed, he grows in the graces and consolations of his high calling. But, on the other hand, allow me to ask,—what terms or requirements have been fulfilled, or can be fulfilled, by one who, previously to the reception of the Lord's Supper, has never been made alive to God through the operation of a genuine repentance, and a true faith? Such a man is, spiritually speaking, dead. There is, therefore, no ground upon which any of the blessings appertaining to this sacrament can be communicated to him from above. He wants the necessary preparation of heart. And, wanting this, no comforting and strengthening virtues can go forth from the symbols of bread and wine, to carry him on "unto perfection." Let not any imagine, then, that, where no life has already commenced, the Holy communion will produce that life. To believe such an effect in the ordinance, is superstitiously to hold what Scripture has nowhere promised. "The grace which we have by the Holy Eucharist," says the immortal Hooker, "doth not begin but continue life." And common sense is sufficient to expose the absurdity of the notion against which I am contending. You may comfort and nourish a living body, by dispensing to it meat and drink; but who would expect by giving bread to a corpse, to make the inanimate clod start into motion? To the believing soul, the Lord's Supper is a source of increase, and of strength, and of consolation. But to a cold, indifferent, and earthly spirit, it is utterly "unprofitable, and vain."

But further. Since, as we have seen, the sacramental feast, according to Scripture, and the Church to which we belong, is a commemoration of the sacrifice of Christ, then it is an error *to consider the Holy Communion as being itself a sacrifice.*

When our blessed Lord and Master breathed out his precious life upon the cross, he thereby completed a full and sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. He then offered himself once for all. He made a perfect redemption for us, no more to be renewed forever. When, therefore, we meet together around the table of our Lord, what is it that we do? We come to this feast, for the purpose of gratefully remembering that wondrous expiation. The cares, and riches, and pleasures of this world, had perhaps cast it into comparative oblivion: but, at this privileged banquet, we summon it once more before the eye of the mind; we go back to the overwhelming spectacle of that cross and passion; we enshrine the event, so to speak, in the innermost sanctuary of our recollections. Now, any application of the term sacrifice to the sacrament under consideration, disturbs this beautiful order of things. It is to confound two objects which are totally distinct; the ransom which Jesus paid, with the act which celebrates that ransom. How interesting, in truth, is the precise position which this ordinance holds, when viewed in that simple and clear light in which the Bible, and the Prayer-book, present it to our attention! In the fulness of time, Christ makes an offering for our transgressions. Now, before this oblation, the instituted rites of the Levitical dispensation look forward to Calvary *in prediction:* after it, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper looks back to Calvary *in retrospection.* This, then, is that scriptural interpretation of its meaning, which I would hold up prominently and distinctly. The Holy Communion is a stated observance, with the intent of bringing before us the remembrance of the once crucified Mediator. The symbols placed upon the Table are the emblems that remind us of this crucifixion. As such, a portion of the bread and wine are set apart by the minister of Christ. But as for any sacrifice being performed in this transaction, I cannot do better than cite again the authority of the great Hooker. "Sacrifice," says he, "is now no part of the Church ministry."

And now, *last of all:* In distinction from that view which has been presented to you, of the Redeemer's presence at this sacramental feast, need I say to you, that it is a gross error *to represent the body of Christ as being corporally present in the elements?*

It is a fact universally known, that even the great mind of the Saxon Reformer was unable to divest itself of this notion; and that, after having broken loose, on so many momentous questions, from the trammels of his early education, he consumed years in laboring to prove, that, although the bread and wine were not transformed into Christ's body and blood, yet with this food and drink the corporeal frame of the Saviour was mingled. Instead of wondering at this singular incongruity in his character, let us rather wonder that he achieved so much; and let us bless and praise God's holy name, for that light which broke in upon the world through the instrumentality of this his chosen servant. And let us, in the clear mirror of Scripture, and of our own reformed Church, read the admonition to avoid every approach to a delusion so pernicious, and so false. That the body of the ascended Son of God should be, at the same time, in heaven and on earth, is physically impossible. That it should dwell in the consecrated elements, is contrary to the evidence of our senses. That this should be the case, moreover, is inconsistent with the very nature of a sacrament. For what is a sacrament? The youngest catechumen could tell you, that it has two parts; the sign and the thing signified. Now, in the Communion, the sign is the bread and wine; the thing signified, the Lord's body and blood. But if according to the dogma referred to, the sign becomes the thing which it signifies, where is the sign—and by necessary consequence, where is the sacrament? Reader, Christ is indeed present with us, in this glorious feast. But how is he present? By making himself felt, as an all-sufficient Redeemer; by coming near to our hearts, as we taste and see the symbols of his sacrificial death; by feeding us spiritually, in the confirmation of our trust, in the increase of our love, and in the enlargement of our hopes, as by faith we behold him wounded, that we might escape, and dying, that we might live. This is the only real presence. "The words that I speak unto you," says Christ, "they are spirit, and they are life." And in correspondence with this is the declaration of our own Church:—"The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner."

I have room but for a word or two, in conclusion of this important subject. Are there any readers of these pages, who feel in themselves the broken and contrite heart: who are convinced that the name of Christ is a strong tower: whose cry, with him of old, to their adorable Master, is this,—"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief?" For you, then, the sacramental Supper waits, as for those who should speedily approach its banquet. It is a commemoration of the Lamb who was smitten for you: go, then, to call his love to remembrance. It is a feast to nourish, to console, to sanctify your hearts: resort to it, therefore, that you may find peace, and rest and quietness; and that you may grow to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." It is an ordinance where the Saviour is present: fly, then, to it, as to a scene, where you may behold your blessed surety, in all the fulness of his might, and in all the radiance of his love. All things are ready. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters! yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money, and without price."

For the Episcopal Recorder.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF AN AFFLICTED CHRISTIAN.

August 31, 1843.

"This is not living green," I involuntarily exclaimed while gazing with a full heart on one of the most lovely prospects I ever beheld. On every side verdure fresh and fair as it first issued from the hand of the glorious Creator, gladdened and refreshed the sight, far as the eye could see. In the remote distance steamboats were distinctly visible bearing on the bosom of the deep waters, their numerous passengers towards the large city, which, crowded already with inhabitants, was extended full in view. Various flowers breathed their rich perfume around, or gratified the sight with their enlivening bloom. Clustering vines loaded with scarlet or golden coloured trumpet-shaped blossoms, touched by the pure air gracefully waved in rich luxuriance, and the *rose*, that sweetest production of the garden, in almost countless variety, elicited admiration and delighted the senses more than the rare and singular exotics that astonished while they amused the cheerful band, that now, for the first and most probably the *last* and *only* time were enjoying together the hospitalities of an aged invalid. Alas! in a few short months at farthest, the chilling blasts of autumn and the bitter frosts of winter, with icy fingers, will change this enchanting scene into the very depths of dreariness and desolation. Even the beautiful and fragrant flowers which we bore away from the charming spot, withered in our hands, and their destruction was accelerated, by the delighted grasp, with which we received and held them. Sweet emblems of all sublunary good. How passing strange that lessons taught by the frail and fading flowers of the field should be so difficult of acquirement to rational and immortal beings. From earliest youth to advanced age, the ever changing seasons but typify our dearest joys. The most fondly cherished almost invariably the first to fade. The fairest earthly possession is but as a shadow, so soon does it flee away, or perish in the using. Even as we seize the most coveted delight, a corroding sense of evanescence poisons the delicious draught. No—Earth boasts no *living green*. Perfect enjoyment rests on a happier shore. No billows of distrust, discontent, or death, can reach us there. And were there no other difference between earthly and heavenly bliss, the permanence of the latter would seal its superiority. Blessed be God, this is not the Christian's home—no changes pass over

"The land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign.

No anxious looking forward to the morrow as the termination of present enjoyment, for "there is no night there;" no interruption to the blissful communion of those who are one in Christ Jesus; no withdrawing of the source of every joy from the saved soul, for the Lamb is the light of the believer's rest. There as we look around on all the length and breadth of the heavenly land, no heart sickening anticipation of approaching separation can intrude, to cast its gloomy shade o'er the bright and dazzling glories that surround the blest. Eternity is the boundless horizon encompassing the celestial plains, and continually increasing joy, the portion of the happy circle assembled there. Oh! with such a hope founded on the rock of ages, can I not quietly wait and patiently hope?"

Courage my soul, thy bitter cross
In every trial here,
Will bear thee onward to thy rest
But cannot enter there.

Remembering who said to his devoted followers and chosen companions on earth, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," I would gratefully receive, as evidences of adoption into his family, all those dispensations of providence, which call into exercise the graces of faith and patience. Even when the flesh quivers beneath the agonizing touch of the "good physician," let thy language, Oh my soul, be, "Father, *thy* will not *mine* be done!" He who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, delights not in stoical apathy. "Jesus wept;" his people then need not be ashamed to feel. There is certainly a manifest difference between suffering and sinning, let the grand adversary say what he will to the contrary, notwithstanding. Oh, how often and with what bitter malignity, does he strive to add to the sorrows of a stricken one, the horribly distressing idea that there is rebellion in the grief that presses them to the earth. Yes, while the feeble worm writhing in agony endeavors to entwine itself around the arm that upholds the pillars of heaven, and the burdened and guilty one seeks a shelter beneath the mantle of Christ's righteousness, the "accuser" would, if he could, turn them aside, as too helplessly weak, too wretchedly vile, to find acceptance even in "the beloved." Thank God, "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. Those who believe in *Jesus* shall never perish. Nothing can separate them from the love of God. The world, sin, death and hell are for *them* conquered foes. And they are never more sure of being purified and made meet for the high and holy services of the upper sanctuary, than when they are enabled by divine grace to "rejoice in tribulation, confidently expecting that it will work for them patience, experience and hope,—that hope that maketh not ashamed. Feeling the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them, their language is "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The heart of one who is found bearing the shield of faith—wielding the sword of the Spirit—wearing the helmet of salvation—and shod with a preparation of the gospel of peace, may, beneath the breast-plate of Christ's righteousness though bleeding glow with sweetest anticipations of one day enjoying with the Saints made perfect, a happier atmosphere,

and beholding with their loved and lost ones scenes of unfading beauty, and imperishable loveliness. Yes, even when in heaviness through manifold temptations and sad bereavements, a believer, whose eye (though dim with tears) is fixed on Jesus, may look forward with holy transport to the period when "death's cold flood" will obliterate even the remembrance of all most dearly prized below, and exclaim with rapture,

"This world's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joy substantial and sincere,
When shall I wake and find me there.
Oh glorious hour, Oh blest abode
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

ZELIA.

For the Episcopal Recorder.

QUESTIONS ON THE XXXIX. ARTICLES.

ART. VIII.—*Of the Creeds.*

1. What is a Creed?
2. How many Creeds have we?
3. Which of the Creeds of the Church of England is omitted in our formularies?
4. How ought these Creeds to be received?
5. Why ought they to be received and believed?
6. Do we believe the doctrines because they are in the Creed, or because they are in Holy Scripture?
7. Prove the different Articles of the Creeds?
8. What does the Apostle's Creed contain which is not in the Nicene?
9. When were these Creeds composed?
10. Are all the Articles of each Creed necessary to be believed?
11. When are they thoroughly received and believed?
12. Has our Church prescribed any other test for her members?
13. Is it right to require any other, such, for instance, as the dogmas of Calvin or Arminus?
14. Has the Church prescribed any other test for her ministers?

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The common operations in the world of mind, as well as in that of matter, have become so familiar to us, that we are apt to speak of the Laws of Nature, as though there were in them some intelligent and all-powerful principle by which the universe is sustained. But a moment's reflection will show us that a law can no more sustain, than it can create. Its very existence implies a law-giver and an executor of that law. The falling of a dew-drop, or the bursting of a rose-bud is just as much the work of God as the creation of a world. His power and goodness are as clearly displayed in the daily rising of the sun as when over the darkness of chaos he said, "let there be light and there was light." And the same may be said of those laws of mind by which human nature is governed in every age and country. He who refuses to recognise the Deity in the most trivial operations of nature, whether in the world of matter or of mind, is just as much a skeptic as he who denies all providence, and refers every thing to the decrees of an irresistible necessity.

To one who is in the habit of observing the operations of the external world, the fact that most frequently arrests his attention, and that which prompts the deepest reflections, is the mutability of all terrestrial things. The most beautiful objects in nature, and those which excite the most pleasing emotions, are often the most fleeting. All the fair forms upon which the eye delights to dwell, and around which the heart clings with a fondness amounting almost to affection, pass rapidly away. Yet amid all this apparent decay not a single atom of matter is destroyed. It is not in the power of the mightiest chemical agent to annihilate a particle of God's creation. For aught nature teaches us to the contrary, matter is everlasting. It can never be destroyed except by the direct interposition of that power which first called it into existence, and ordained the laws according to which it assumes its endless variety of forms. If, then, we are unable to discover in the operations of nature any energy by which a single atom of dead matter may be destroyed, why should we conclude that the death of the body (which is as much an operation of nature as the decay of a vegetable,) is the destruction of the living principle within? If death does not annihilate the body, but merely resolves it into its component particles, what effect can it have upon the spirit, which is uncompounded?

Our confidence in the uniformity of nature's operations, is an intuitive principle of our minds. As we go forth to meditate amid the fading glories of the golden-tinted Autumn, and feel that delightful melancholy upon our spirits which nothing but Autumn can inspire, we mourn not for the withered flowers that lie scattered in our path; for we know that Spring will return again to shed fresh verdure over the landscape, and cause the vegetable creation to flourish with renewed vitality. The little acorn that is buried and decays beneath its parent tree, will in time spring up into a mighty oak. The gossamer that is scattered by the wind bears in its bosom the seeds of future flowers, which the soft rain and genial sunshine will cause to burst from their wintry sleep in all the freshness and beauty of youth. Our belief of these things is not the result of reason or experience; we have known and confided in them from our infancy. In the earliest period to which our remembrance reaches, we saw without surprise the green hill-tops rising up from the dissolving snow-wreaths that yet lingered at their feet, and watched with confident expectation for the little snow drops that herald the approaching Spring. The gay winged butterfly that in the sunny hours of childhood we chased over hill and dale, claimed not a tear as it returned to kindred dust; for we knew that the little creature had left behind it the seed of a numerous offspring. It deposited its tiny egg in some secret nook. There, under the warmth of another summer's sun it swelled into a caterpillar. Having passed through its appointed time in that unseemly form, it wove its own winding sheet in which it slumbered, until in the sunshine of another season this apparently lifeless chrysalis came forth again in the form of a beautiful butterfly. Here is a lesson for the skeptic! Ye who would bound the period of man's existence by the flight of three score years and ten, and write "death is an eternal sleep" upon the mansions of the dead; who would blast the hope that illumines the darkness of the tomb, and quench the aspirations that ennoble and dignify our nature; deaf, blind, narrow-minded skeptics, if your ears will not listen to the voice of God as it speaks in the volume of his word, and your hearts be steeled against the truth that brings life and immortality to light; lift up your eyes upon the works of nature around you, and the crawling worm shall teach you wisdom. Shall the Great Creator give to a caterpillar a new and a happier existence, and yet deny to man the fulfilment of those aspirations which He has implanted in his bosom, and interwoven with the very fibres of his being? Do we endure all the toils of life and feel all the lofty aspirations and stirring energies which render its trials supportable, only to lie down in the darkness of annihilation;

"To be the nothing that we were
Ere born to life and living woe?"

Are the faculties that we educate with so much toil and study, the affections we cherish with so much fondness all to perish, when the pulses of this mortal coil shall cease to beat? Are we never again to behold the friends whose bodies we followed with sad, yet hopeful hearts to the silence of the graveyard, upon whose tombs we have carved the promise of immortal life? Nature with her mute, but stirring eloquence protests against the horrible conclusion. It is a libel upon the character of the Great Creator; a slander against the dignity of the human soul.

"When thoughts
Of the last, bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth unto the clear sky, and list
To nature's teaching."

From every part of her magnificent panorama, there comes a voice, telling us, that, though the eye now beaming with intelligence must grow dim; though the cheek that is flushed with healthful beauty must fade; though the lips that now breathe the secret accents of love, or pour forth the soul-stirring words of eloquence, must grow cold and silent as the grave; yet, the spirit that animates them all shall retain its vigour and its beauty when the fire of every star is quenched. The very flowers that bloom upon the grave seem to rebuke our doubting grief, and weave for the brow of the mourner a wreath of unfading hope.

If we turn from the contemplation of the external world, and in the silence of solitary thought, hold communion with our own spirits, the same truth forces itself upon the conscience with irresistible power.

"O! listen, man!
A voice within thee speaks that startling word
Man, thou shalt never die!

We have yet to see the man, who can stand upon the verge of the grave, and covered, as the best of us are, with imperfections, can look forward to the dim regions of the future, without feeling the awe of its far-off ages come over his spirit like the phantasies of a troubled dream. If the grave is our eternal abode, and the mind slumbers thus with the body for ever, why do we so tremble on its brink? When the joys, the hopes and the friendships that shed a light around his path in the morning of life have faded, and the old man stands like "a withered branch amid the bloom of May," why does he not seek forgetfulness of his sorrows in the silence of the tomb? Because, there is a still small voice within him that warns him of something after death. In this respect, at least,

"Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

AFFECTIONATE COUNSEL.

The Rev. Henry Woodward, in a sermon at the visitation of Bishop Daly, has the following beautiful and touching address to the clergy, among others equally so, upon other different points of truth.

"Yet I would here desire to submit the following piece of brotherly counsel to your judgment: to my mind it appears of no small practical importance. While to all who ask with the trembling convert at Philippi, 'What must I do to be saved?' we answer, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;'—let us take care to do so in a way which will encourage and attract the weak, rather than repel the first timorous movements of the soul towards God. There are some who are 'slow of heart to believe all that the Scriptures have spoken. Measuring things, as is natural, by the narrowness of the human mind, they are unable to conceive that there *can* be a goodness pure, disinterested, and unbounded as it is in God. The Gospel is to them, as it were, too good news to be true; too great happiness to be real; too transporting to be waking certainty and not a dream. In a word, they are like the disciples who 'believed not for joy.' Well then, when we deal with such tender spirits as these, let us not speak of faith as a thing sternly and rigidly demanded. Let us not take our fellow-servant by the throat, saying, 'Pay to God that thou owest.' Let not our language be, 'You *must* believe or be damned:' but rather, 'You *may* believe and be saved.' Transcendant as these blessings seem, they are yours. 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' Shall not 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, with Him also freely give us all things?' We should indeed urge upon our people with ceaseless importunity to believe, and 'set to their seal that God is true.' But suffer me to explain *how*. I think this importunity should be used; and for this purpose I will suppose the following case.

"Figure to yourselves a dark and dreary dungeon, round whose gloomy walls there lies outspread a scene, such as imagination might picture as the primeval Paradise. Suppose that, in this dungeon, there dwelt an inmate, long shut in from the blessed light of heaven, and that there he continued night and day, all one monotony of shade to him, dead to hope, and constitutionalized to misery. Suppose that you were commissioned to set this captive free; and send to him with a full pardon and message of deliverance. You approach his gloomy cell—you throw open the door—you announce to him the joyful tidings, that he may now come forth and embrace his friends and breathe the life-giving air, and see the glories of the day, and walk at liberty amidst the fields of nature. You anticipate the thrill of sympathy and joy with which he will respond to so transporting an announcement. But, no. Languid, listless, dispirited, long inured to wretchedness, and a stranger to the voice of hope, this child of misery lends a dull cold ear to these cheering invitations. You press him to accept them. He treats them as mere words of flattery, meant only to tantalize his woe. You beseech him to rise, but nothing that he could now hope for would, he thinks, repay him for the exertion. You tell him of the blooming paradise all around his prison-house, and that he may now range amidst its fruits and flowers. Still he is incredulous, and all is to him as an idle tale. You press upon him, as the one thing needful, that he will "only believe.' You urge him to make one effort to rise and look through his grated window, and behold the pleasant scenes and cheering objects to whose free enjoyment you invite him, and you know that if he will but see for himself he will bid farewell at once to his dungeon and his chains forever. Such is then, I conceive, the manner in which we should exhort those in captivity to sin to believe, to realise to themselves the truth, the actual existence, of those blessings which God has revealed from heaven; knowing, if this be done, that to that soul the great lever of salvation is applied, that by faith the snare is broken and it is delivered."

THE TENDERNESS OF THE MINISTRY.

There is in the Saviour's command "feed my sheep," a peculiar *meaning*, and one full of the most exquisite tenderness, which I do not think is generally perceived; nor do I know how to describe it but by a comparison which may seem too like disparagement.

Suppose a mother lying upon her bed of death, surrounded by the little flock whom she was about to leave, turning her languid eyes toward him who had been the partner of her earthly sorrows, and saying, "O! if you have ever loved me, if that sorrow which you now evince be indeed sincere, and if those tears which you now shed be genuine tokens of affection—I beseech you by every tie that bound us, and by every hope of our re-union after death, that you take care of these little ones, these dear pledges of our love. Be now both father and mother to them; train them up for God, that we may all meet again, a family in heaven."

As a drop to the ocean, so is such an exhibition to the emphatic tenderness of meaning which I would attribute to the words before us. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Well then, if it be so indeed—if I *have* that place in your heart which I lived and died to purchase—I beseech you by all that I have done and suffered for you—I beseech you by all the gentleness and patience with which I have borne with your infirmities and provocations—I conjure you by those bitter tears which you shed when in the palace of the High Priest you thrice denied *me*, and when the crowing of the cock and that look which penetrated your inmost soul reminded you of all your broken promises and vows—I conjure you by my fasting and temptation, by my agony and bloody sweat, by my cross and passion, by my precious death and burial, by my glorious resurrection, that ascension which will soon translate me to the right hand of God,—if you have that love, which you have so often and so ardently professed to me, your friend, your brother, your Saviour, and your God—then "feed my sheep," "feed my lambs," "take heed to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you an overseer, to feed the Church of God, which I have purchased with my own blood."

Such is the language, such are the constraining and affecting motives which that all-gracious Saviour still addresses, and holds out to you; you who have solemnly taken upon you the office of the guides and pastors of immortal souls. But you are not called, like the chief Shepherd, to feed that flock in pastures which have been watered by your own tears; which have been the price of your own blood, and purchase of your own sufferings and sorrows. No. The *pain* was *His*; to *you* He bequeathed the *joy* of saving souls. Neither are you sent to "bind heavy burdens, and lay them on men's shoulders;"—to put more weight upon those who already travail and are heavy laden;—to enjoin to them wearisome and painful penances;—to lead back wanderers by roundabout ways beset with thorns, by dark and winding passages, to God. No, you have to announce a salvation not to be bought by man's deservings; not to be wrung from the heart of God by the groans and miseries of His creatures; but a salvation already purchased for all believers, and mercy flowing to them as freely as the blessed breeze from heaven. You have "to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." You have to proclaim glad tidings first as when they came from angels' lips, "To you is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And you have to offer this free grace and finished salvation to every one that *believeth*.—*Woodward.*

AGITATION AT OXFORD, FROM PROFESSOR GARBETT.

"From the highest to the lowest, the once peaceful and meditative shades of Oxford are the arena of theological controversy; it has marred all the ease and enjoyments of social life, it has embittered irreconcileable animosities, societies, till now harmonized with a brotherly concord; the wrangling of a disputatious theology is fast supplanting, among our younger members, the modesty of useful study, and the masculine cultivation of the intellect.

"Is it possible for any sober-minded man, who reverences the time-honoured institutions, under which he his himself been trained, and who deems, as disastrous to the nation, and fatal to the Church, any decline in the educational influence of the University, to regard this condition of things without sorrow and dismay? Can he free his mind from the apprehension that the fathers and guardians of the youth of England, unless under the compulsion of professional necessity, will refuse to plunge those committed to their charge into this wild and war of religious controversy; and that the halls and seminaries of useful learning, wherein the sinews and heart of the commonwealth, the future statesman, lawyer, and divine, were trained to manhood, under the same hardy and generous discipline, may be abandoned, in despair of better things, to the one-sided, and mind-narrowing influences, not of a religious system, but of an exclusive dignatism and an ecclesiastical domination! This being the existing condition of things, is it an act of wisdom to throw a new element of dissension into chaos? Is it an act of dutiful affection, or of Christian charity, to interfere violently from without, when the University, by the exertion of her own powers, is struggling to maintain her poise, and to restore her the utmost order, and to stimulate into a methodized resistance those whom regard for academic peace, and habitual deference to authority, might soon have softened down into an acquiescence in an inevitable evil? Is it a light thing, or an innocent, that a powerful combination should, by a deliberate act, not through a respectful remonstrance or private representation, but a proclamation of the world, denounce, in the ears of those who are committed to our training, a deliberate judgment of our chief magistrate on one of the most solemn of questions; should studiously, and by implication which all can understand, lower the reputation of those to whom, by virtue of their office, is committed the theological training of our youth, and elevate in the same proportion those whom the sentence of the university has condemned?

"Under any circumstances, and at any period, such a movement must have insulted authority, have shaken discipline, and have kindled fierce dissension. But if this measure should, indeed, reap fruit from the seed it has sown broadcast, and if the sentiments of those who have sent it into the world, under the sanction of honorable names, should work a corresponding feeling in the public mind, either within or without the University, let us look at the inevitable result. It has long been known that the great majority of the Heads of houses have manfully withstood the flood of Romanist theology, and that the hebdomadal board, over which you now so worthily preside, availed themselves decisively of the first opportunity which permitted it, to interpose their authority, and to rescue the Articles from the Romanist glosses which nullified their stringency, and violently overbore alike their letter and their spirit, their grammatical construction, and their historic meaning! It is likewise known that the actual occupiers of the theological chairs are faithful upholders of the Protestantism of the Church, whose doctrines they expound. The distinguished person who holds the highest among them, and who, outliving the suspicions which embittered his elevation to the chair, has given, in the face of the world, noble proofs of his capacity and the orthodox purity of his faith, is the object of an inveterate hostility, and will never, perhaps, be emancipated from the toils which have been wound about him, limiting his usefulness, detracting from his dignity, and perpetuating a sojourn, the original reason of which, if it ever existed, he has nobly wiped away!

"The next in rank and in standing, for the bold discharge of his duty, has been assailed by a coarse personality, and an unmeasured bitterness, which nothing but theological hostility, and unscrupulous party spirit, could have inspired.

"It is a great stroke, in the next place, to involve the Vice-Chancellor of the University, and those whose judgments he consulted, in the like contempt. The policy is transparent, but it is in the highest degree bold and decisive. It is worth the effort, to ensure the triumph of the party, now inflamed with success and eager for final victory, to strip rudely from those, whose official station should carry with it an overpowering influence, all title to popular respect; to hold them up to the contempt of those still pliant and ingenuous minds whose judgment should be modelled on their instructions; and to transfer into the hands of other men, who, without the empty title shall exercise a boundless influence, and a real spiritual domination, the theological training of the ardent youth of England. And by the same transfer, they would put into their hands beyond recall, the ultimate fate of the church and the destinies of the nation. For what are the teachers of a worn-out heresy, the creation of state necessity, of a manned theology at best, suddenly frozen into stiff and immoveable type, before it had time to recover its mutilated proportions—compared to them who are the much-praised of the Church-Catholic, the grand development of the divine scheme made to embrace the world, and holding within its infinite depths all that can move, or shake, or elevate the soul of man! So the party reasons"'

OXFORD CATECHISM.

The Catechism in question was entitled *A Short and Easy Catechism, for the use of young persons of the Church of England. Compiled from authentic sources.* These "authentic sources" turned out on investigation to be, the Catechisms of the Popish bishops Doyle and Rinaes, which are now on common sale in London, Bath, and Dublin.

Being published by Mr. Toovey, who has issued one or more of Mr. Oakley's books, it was surmised to be a production of that gentleman. But we have heard that Mr. Toovey has latterly declared, that it was not compiled by Mr. Oakley, but by *Mr. Oakley's curate.* And common report states further, that this young man has been sent for by the bishop of London, and advised or enjoined at once to suppress the publication, with which injunction we are informed he has complied.

Such being the history of the rise and fall of the first attempt to impose upon the Church a Popish work with a "Church of England" title-page, we imagined that the matter had come to an end; and that no more would be heard of it. But to our surprise, in walked, a few days since, the ghost of the Catechism which the bishop had slain; and thus it becomes our duty to warn the public of this incipient thing, and to explain, as far as we can understand it, the drift of the whole matter.

The combined action, or *conspiracy*, which is discernible in all they do, is visible enough here. The original Catechism was printed in the ordinary way, by a London printer, and published by Mr. Toovey in St. James' street. The resuscitated copy, now before us, is printed by Dr. Pusey's printer at Oxford, and sold by an Oxford bookseller, as well as by Mr. Toovey.

Thus there has evidently been an Oxford consultation, and an Oxford editor appointed. Yet the tract is nothing more, after all, than a resuscitation of the Catechism which the bishop of London had authoritatively suppressed. To call this new edition by the phrase "a hash," might appear coarse, but there is none other which so well describes the process to which it seems to have been subjected. Originally, it was an independent Catechism, following the Romish plan and outline, as well as using the Romish words. Now, however, to sweeten the dose, it is called *Questions and Answers illustrative of the* CHURCH CATECHISM. And in order to suit this new disguise, it is cut up into portions, and interwoven or mixed with the Church Catechism, like the numerous illustrative works of the same kind which we already possess. But, amidst all this, it is *still the same Popish production* that it was in the beginning.

We must not, however, forget to state, that there are both some *omissions* and some *additions.* The distinction made, in the *first* edition, between mortal and venial sin, is removed; and we are told instead, of "deadly sin" and "sin not deadly." The denial of forgiveness of sins committed after Baptism, except by a *special* power committed *to the church*, is also removed; and in its room we only hear of "a special act of God's mercy, restoring a soul after deadly sin." The explaining away of the second commandment, touching the making of images, is also removed. And so is the inculcation of fasting during Lent, abstaining from marriage, &c. These omissions clearly show that on the suppression of the first edition, particular passages were pointed out as exceptionable; and that a presumption is now entertained, that if revised with the omission of these passages, the publication may be allowed to pass.

But, as if in revenge for these curtailments, several objectionable matters are now for the first time introduced. For instance, we do not observe the passage in the first edition:

"*Q.* But will those go to heaven, who have lived under no revelation of God's will?

"*A.* God has made no promise that such will go to heaven, nor is there reason to expect it.

"*Q.* Will they then suffer everlasting torments?

"*A.* No; it is a pious belief that heathens, who have tried to live according to the rule of right, will be eternally happy in their degree. But they will not have that peculiar blessing promised to Christians in heaven, of seeing God face to face."

For a proof, how this "pious belief" operates on the question of Christian missions to the heathen, see Mr. Williams's Tracts on *Reserve.*

And on another most important because practical matter,—the observance of the Sabbath,—the Romish answers are altered, in this new edition, very greatly for the worse.

In the first edition the passage stood (as in the Romish catechisms)—

"*Q.* What is commanded by the fourth Commandment?

"*A.* By it we are commanded to spend the Sunday in praying, reading holy books, attending divine service, and doing religious and charitable works.

"*Q.* What is forbidden by this Commandment?

"*A.* It forbids all unnecessary servile work, and sinful profanation of the Lord's Day."

But in the new and revised edition, it is thus given:

"*Q.* What is commanded by the fourth Commandment?

"*A.* By it we are commanded to *attend Divine Service* on the Sunday; give *more time* to prayer and holy reading *than on work days:* and to banish all anxious and busy thoughts, as far as may be, from our minds, that we may *keep the feast* on this holy and happy day.

"*Q.* What is Forbidden by this Commandment?

"*A.* It forbids all unnecessary servile work, and sinful profanation of the Lord's Day."

It is impossible to read this most criminal *lowering* of the obligations connected with the Sabbath, without remembering the recent attempt of a prominent Tractarian in the House of Commons, (Lord J. Manners,) to establish the legality of Cricket playing on the Sabbath; and thus to revive, as far as in him lay, the use of THE BOOK OF SPORTS!—*Churchman's Monthly Review.*

The Episcopal Recorder.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1843.

SUPERSTITION.—In a work of Archbishop Whately's lately re-published by James M. Campbell & Co., of this city, entitled "The Errors of Romanism traced to their origin in human nature,"—among many other chapters upon different points in this system, one is upon Superstition. In this, there is much that is excellent and useful. But in some remarkable points, the author carries his objections so far, that their result would be the destruction of much more than superstition. One particular point of his objections we esteem so dangerous, and so open to censure, that we cannot feel authorised to pass it over. He says, p. 23—"This leads me to remark, that the practice of teaching, or allowing very young children, to learn by heart, prayers, psalms, portions of Scripture, &c., which they are incapable at the time of understanding, is one which is very often superstitious and almost always leads to superstition." This remark he applies particularly, to the teaching of the Lord's Prayer to young children, against which he attempts to direct a continued argument. He then says, "It is hardly necessary to observe, that the whole of the above reasoning applies equally to the practice of taking little children to Church. Our Liturgy is evidently neither designed nor adapted for children, even for those who are of such an age as to be fully capable of joining in congregational worship, were there a service suitably composed on purpose for them." He excepts however from the charge of superstition, the habit of learning hymns, &c., as an exercise for the memory,—but if it be regarded or inculcated as an act of devotion,"—this he says is superstition Now we cannot but dissent in the most unequivocal terms from this whole view, as one which we think false in its principles, and dangerous in its operations. It is wholly contrary to the direct commands of God, who requires his people thus to teach their children his mighty acts. It is wholly opposed to the whole experience of the Christian Church, which has uniformly shewed that no instrument is more efficient for building up mature Christian character, and maintaining a love for Christian truth, than the early storing of the memory with the divine instructions and forms of sound words which contain it. No source of comfort to the aged Christian is more remarkable, than the hymns and Scripture passages which were fastened in the memory in early youth. We have seen this fact displayed in the recalling such treasures after an interval of threescore years. We have seen the conversion of the soul accomplished in the retirement of solitude, after several years of carelessness, by the divine blessing on the passages of Holy Scripture which had been thus treasured up in the memory when no interest was felt in them at the time. And the whole result of our observation and experience is, that in no method are we so likely to save the souls under our charge, as by the very method, which Dr. Whately scruples not to call superstition. In regard to our Liturgy, we are equally of an opposite opinion to him. We have ever considered it admirably adapted to the minds and hearts of children,—and we esteem it one of the chief blessings, and one of the sweetest recollections of our life, that in earliest youth, we were taught to use, and to love, the precious services and forms of worship of this blessed book of prayer. The argument of Whately would lead us, it appears to us, to thorough infidelity,—and is framed in entire neglect of the actual character of the human heart. If we are to forbear teaching our children any of the Word of God, or hymns and prayers addressed to God, until they are of an age to comprehend clearly the truths which are thus inculcated, and the forms of words put into their mouths, we are giving the earliest and best years of their life to the influence of the enemy, and the deceitfulness of sin. The necessary practical result of such a course of neglect, would be, the entire possession of their minds by evil,—constituting a far more difficult barrier to their future intelligence, love, and obedience of the Word of God, than even corrupt nature in itself interposed. How any minister of Christ could advocate such a course is to us unaccountable,—for we believe nothing could more surely promote the dominion of the adversary. He says "it costs the toil of many years to unlearn the habit of formalism." Well, suppose it may. How much less would it cost, to unlearn the lessons of negligence and allowed disregard of God?—to cleanse the imagination and memory, from the loads of evil brought in?—to overturn the prepidices against the truth, and hatred of the truth which had thus grown up? Are these unobstacles? Does any mature Christian hesitate to acknowledge, that they are great ones? We cannot but think the *little Swiss* peasant girl who said, when the priest burnt the Bible which a protestant teacher had given her, "You cannot take away the fifty chapters I have learned by heart,"—reasoned with much truer philosophy, and spoke in a spirit much more conformable to the will of God. We consider a religious habit and a memory stored with truth, of eminent importance to children,—to give them this, the Archbishop says, is superstition. But St. Paul thought it a matter for congratulation and thankfulness in writing to Timothy, that from a child he had been taught the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation, when he believed in Christ Jesus. And we had far rather, in this matter, side with the Apostle, especially when all Christian experience has borne its concurrent testimony to the truth of his statement, and the worth of his inculcation of duty in this connexion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.

NO. XXX.

Dear Brethren,—This is the last letter which I purpose to write upon this subject. I little thought when in compliance with your earnest request, I began these recollections, that I should have extended them so far. But in running over the short visit, which it was my privilege to make to our mother country, had I attempted to write for you, all that has since occurred to my mind, as pleasant to be remembered, extended as my notices have already been, I should have been compelled to be far more prolix, and I fear should have proved tedious to your readers. I have therefore traced but an outline of my journey, and will now bring even this to a conclusion, by some little notice of my visit to Liverpool. I have already referred to the peculiar kindness and hospitality, with which I was greeted there. It was one of the most delightful facts of my whole sojourn. I had no *letter of introduction* to the gentleman from whom I received all the attention. But another friend without my knowledge had written to him, in such a way, as the to lead to a spontaneous offer of the most attractive kindness from a family, of whom I had no opportunity to know anything. How much I am indebted to this kindness, I have no words to express,—and a more particular specification of the tenderness which for two weeks I then received, would be a breach of delicacy, quite inconsistent with the lovely and refined example thus set before me. I saw much during my visit to Liverpool to interest me, although the unceasing rain for every day that I was there, prevented my seeing much abroad. But among the few objects which called for my notice, was St. Jude's and its eminent minister Mr. McNeile. The first evening I was in Liverpool, was his lecture, but I was disappointed in seeing him then, as he was absent from home. The next Sunday I saw him, and for the first time, heard him. I had previously met him in London,—and from the accounts of his powers and influence which I had heard from all quarters, I had formed very extravagant conceptions as I feared, of his intellect and his eloquence. But I must honestly say, that my highest conceptions were entirely surpassed, and I fear I shall appear equally extravagant to some of your readers, in any attempt to portray my own conceptions and feelings. When I entered St. Jude's, it was completely filled with a most attentive congregation. With difficulty I made my way through the crowded aisle to the pew where I had a seat secured. Mr. McNeile was himself reading the morning prayer. Such finished and impressive reading I have never heard before. But when he entered upon his sermon, I was even more amazed. His subject was the offering of Christian sacrifices. In his exhibition of it, he was so discriminating, evangelical, clear, and intelligible,—that while a child might comprehend him, the most instructed Christian could not fail to be edified and informed. Were there no attractions of manner, his subject and manner of discussing it, so intellectual, spiritual, and adorned, would have made him the first of preachers. In this aspect of his preaching, he is much like our revered friend Bishop McIlvaine, of whom I was often reminded, as I listened to his sermon. The whole congregation seemed intent upon the subject which was before them. Every one was searching the Scriptures, as he referred to them, to see if these things were so. Even the people who filled the aisles, were all holding little Bibles in their hands in the same employment. But great as was this attraction of matter and subject, that of manner was not less. His voice, and action, and power of eloquence, certainly transcend all that I have ever heard before. Tall, dignified, elegant in form, with a full head of hair nearly white, graceful and commanding in manner, and with an unusual compass and variety of voice under perfect command, he must have taken the very highest stand as an orator in any walk of public life. As a preacher, combining the unrivalled excellencies of subject, mind, and manner, I should not hesitate to say, this is the very highest standard of preaching among men. Nothing can surpass it. And yet I hardly express to you, my own feelings or judgment, in this high commendation. The Lord's Supper was celebrated after the sermon, and as Mr. McNeile was alone, I went into the Vestry room, to offer him assistance. He had a previous communion at 8 o'clock in the morning, and yet there were probably from four to five hundred communicants here. It was a very solemn and impressive occasion—and reminded me more strongly of similar occasions in my own Church, than any which I have elsewhere witnessed. In the evening I assisted Mr. McNeile in the service, and

heard another admirable sermon upon the use of the law. I shall never forget the solemn and impressive prayer with which this faithful man commended the work before us, and my unworthy self to God, in the Vestry room before we went into the Church. There is no trifling about him, or in any of his duties. All is serious, affectionate and faithful. In preaching, he is wholly extemporaneous. He holds a little pocket Bible in his hand, and from this, he speaks with the wonderful power which I have attempted to describe. This evening, a crowded congregation hung upon the words which fell from his lips. Perfect stillness reigned throughout the Church. Surely, I thought, God is in this place. O, that I might catch something of this living fire, and gain improvement from the privileges of this day! I had still other occasions to hear Mr. McNeile, and was only confirmed in the opinion which I had formed of his power and influence, as a preacher of the Gospel. My private acquaintance with him, in personal visits, still deepened the impressions which I had received of his character from his public labours. Another most interesting man in Liverpool, is the Rev. James Haldane Stewart. We have long known him by his writings and his efforts to revive the influence of true piety in the Church. His personal appearance and conversation are most consistent with the beautiful and simple piety of his writings. He is a tall and venerable man perhaps seventy years old, quite bald, with his scattered white hair giving the aspect of great age,—his countenance and manners the very model of meekness and love. In all his conversation deeply spiritual and instructive, proving a most edifying companion to all who are able to appreciate the excellence of his character, and the evangelical purity of his religious sentiments. I did not hear him preach, but I saw him often in private, and felt a growing reverence for his character and influence. Another very interesting man in Liverpool, is the Rev. Mr. Jones of St. Andrew's, for whom I preached on the second Sunday which I spent in that place. I was indebted to him for much attention, his whole manners and character being marked by a kindness, and gentleness, and affection extremely winning. His Church, which is in the centre of the town, is in a most flourishing condition, and he himself exceedingly beloved by the large congregation who have gathered under his care. My days were thus passed successively in the most delightful and useful society, and new acquaintances were formed continually, both lay and clerical, of a very valuable character. From Liverpool I went over to pass a day at Chester, where I wished to visit the Rev. Mr. Tayler, whom I had met in London, and to whom I have already referred. The railway makes the trip easy. But the rain was unceasing. This is one of the oldest towns in England, and remains very little changed for centuries past. I found Mr. Tayler at home, who accompanied me in my walks through the town, and kindly guided me to every object of curiosity. The Cathedral is a very old building, but not in good order, and the various parish churches are if anything in a worse condition. Our walks around the walls which surround the town afforded a beautiful prospect on every side. These walls are very ancient, and though in good order, are not at all equal to those at York for beauty. But the curiosity of Chester, is what are called "the rows," which are the side-walks of the streets upon the roofs of the first story of the houses. These are under cover, the third story or the roof of the house projecting over them, and the various shops open upon them. So that in every part of the business portion of the town you walk under cover. They are really a curiosity in the construction of dwellings, and a great convenience. We visited also two beautiful subterranean chapels which have been discovered here, one under an ironmonger's store, and the other under a dry goods store. They were long used as cellars, before their real character was known. But the beautiful and finished arches of stone, led to an examination, and an excavation of them, and after clearing them from many feet depth of earth and rubbish which had been collected in them, their beauty was seen. This is really great. They are perhaps twenty or twenty-five feet square, and more than twenty feet in height, and finished in the most perfect style of masonry. All the peculiarities of ancient ecclesiastical structure are found in them. But as the edifices which once covered them have been long since removed, and other dwellings erected over them, there is no trace, and no tradition of their origin or design. From these we went to see the oldest Church in the place, St. John's, which stands with the beautiful ruins of the ancient priory of which it was a part, lying around it. Gothic arches covered with ivy, and aisles in the midst of which trees are growing, whose branches entwine around the columns, give an air of great sacredness and age to the whole place. The antiquity of the building cannot be ascertained. It is traced for near a thousand years. Many funeral monuments of remote antiquity are found here, and we indulged ourselves in a silent roving for a few minutes through and around the long consecrated place. Here I finished my rambles, and with a fact which was to me now as great a curiosity as any that I saw in England. The old sexton of the church, who attended us with great politeness and patience, refused the money which I offered him for his attention. I looked at him with astonishment, and said you are the first man in such circumstances in England who has refused payment for his trouble, pray what is your name? Joseph Carter sir, he replied. Well sir, said I, be sure, if I write anything of my visit to Chester, I will not forget in it, that Joseph Carter refused to be paid for his trouble in attending upon me. I made a delightful visit in Chester to Chancellor Raikes, whom I found in his splendid library, the windows of which looked upon a beautiful garden, bounded at its foot by the river Dee. He is a truly spiritual and holy man. An hour's conversation passed most agreeably. But I have not time to enlarge farther. After my return from Chester, I embarked on the 15th July in the ship Thomas P. Cope, with my most attentive and excellent friend Captain Henry F. Meircken, for my own home. I left England with gratitude to God for all that I had enjoyed here. I had received unmerited and universal attention and kindness. I had been loaded with benefits on every side. I had enjoyed many high privileges of acquaintance, both religious and intellectual, and I had seen much to admire and to love. I esteemed myself abundantly repaid for all the cost and labour of my visit. Many dear names of English friends will live in my memory and affections while life shall last, and I shall long look back with unmingled pleasure upon the scene through which I have thus passed. I have nothing to record as a whole but affection and gratitude. And thanksgiving and prayer will henceforth be mingled with the names of many in whose society I hope to rejoice in the presence of the Lamb forever.

S. H. T.

The Safe Side.—Blanco White, in his letter to converts from Romanism says, "The Romanists in general, but more especially those, who in the midst of doubt, are anxious to save themselves from the painful steps of changing their communion, comfort themselves with the idea, that after all, *Roman Catholics are on the safe side.* If protestants should be saved, they themselves have made assurance doubly sure. If Protestantism be Christianity, Romanists have it all, and a great deal besides. I know of few absurdities that can be compared to this. Let me make it clear to you by a familiar example. Suppose a poor, helpless person is dying of a dreadful complaint. An eminent physician hears of his distress: he calls on him, and prepares a medicine, which he desires the patient to take, under a strong injunction to trust in it alone for life. In the absence of the physician, the patient begins to think on the prescription, and because it appears to him too simple, *mixes it with every quack medicine that the neighbours recommend.* Having swallowed the whole he now comforts himself with the assurance that he is *on the safe side.* Why? Because he has mistrusted his physician, and divided his confidence between the only man whose skill can save him, and the ignorant old women of the village! "O foolish Galatians" (I am irresistibly compelled to exclaim with St. Paul) "who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth! O blind and deluded people! how can you imagine, that the eternal life promised to faith in Christ, will be doubly secured, by showing and proving your mistrust, through the use of the fanciful ways of pleasing God, invented and set forth by Rome!"

Portrait of Rev. Dr. Milnor.—We with great pleasure insert the note of Mr. Anstice. We have no doubt these beautiful engravings will be readily taken up:—

"Gentlemen,—I have taken the liberty of leaving at the Office of the Recorder a copy of the Portrait of the Rev'd Dr. Milnor, which I hope you will recognise. It was published by me whilst in England—and got up more for the gratification of his numerous friends, and for the congregation by whom he is so much beloved, than for any mercenary motive. I have left a few copies for sale at the bookstore of Mr. H. Hooker, 178 Chestnut street, so that the Doctor's friends in Philadelphia can be supplied if they think the Portrait worthy of being possessed.

Very respectfully,
Henry Anstice,
Stationer, Cor. Cedar & Nassau st., New York."

Liberality in a Prime Minister.—The official salary of Sir Robert Peel is 5000*l* per annum, and this entire amount he has given in two donations within the last three months. One thousand pounds to the education fund, and four thousand to the fund for supplying the means of religious worship by the erection of Churches or temporary buildings to be licensed by the Bishop. The only restrictions are that the 4000*l* are to be divided between the counties of Lancaster, Stafford and Warwick, and the City of London; and no part of it is to be applied to existing debt, or the completion of churches already commenced. We trust the example will be extensively imitated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, B. D.

We fully concur in the value and importance of the work, and commend it in the most unqualified manner.

We would particularly call attention to the valuable publications of Mr. Whetham advertised in our paper this week.

Philadelphia, 144 Chestnut st., 13th Nov. 1843.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—We herewith send you a copy of the cheap Edition of "*Horne's Introduction*" to the Critical Study of the Scriptures.

It is a book especially valuable to teachers of schools and Bible classes, but has been hitherto beyond the reach of hundreds on account of the high price—this Edition contains all the Maps and Engravings, and is sold at the very low price of $3 50.

We would thank you to mention that we are the agents for the work in this city, and for all of Mr. Carter's cheap publications.

Yours, very respectfully,
J. Whetham & Son.

Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

DIOCESAN.

PENNSYLVANIA.

TO THE PAROCHIAL CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1843.

Rev. and dear brethren,—As on former occasions, I address you in behalf of our Society for the Advancement of Christianity in Pennsylvania, and again ask your attention to its strong claims on the affectionate bounty of your parishes, and I do so at this time with deep anxiety, as there is a deficiency in its resources, which has already occasioned a reduction, and which, unless promptly and effectually met, will require a further reduction, in the salaries of its Missionaries.

Will you not avert the necessity for a measure so disastrous? The salaries are but small, many of them entirely too small, yet are the chief dependence for support of some of the missionaries, an essential to all of them. Let it not be, that any portion of the stipends must be withheld, and they and their families be crushed into deeper poverty, or forced to abandon their parishes and the diocese.

The appeals made at different times by the Board of Trustees, have not put the Society out of difficulty; and to keep the salaries at even the present amount, will require a considerable increase in the annual contributions from the churches, and in the benefactions of individuals; and I trust that such an increase is not beyond the ability and the willingness of the Episcopalians of Pennsylvania. At present, new appointments of Missionaries are almost out of the question.

The constitution recommends the first Sunday after the Epiphany, or such other day or days as may be expedient, for making the collections. The returns may be remitted to James S. Newbold, Esq., No. 8 North Front street, who is the Treasurer of the Society.

Your affectionate friend and brother,
H. U. Onderdonk.

P. S. In addition to the contributions above requested, it is much to be desired that the number of the members of the Society be increased—each member paying three dollars *per annum.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We learn from the Secretary of the Convention of the Diocese of New Hampshire, that the Rev. Dr. Chase has signified to the President of the Standing Committee his acceptance of the Episcopate of that diocese.

CONNECTICUT.

Corner Stone.—On Monday, Nov. 6, the Bishop of Connecticut laid the corner stone of St. Gabriel's Church, Windsor, with the usual solemnities, in the presence of many of the Clergy, attended by an interesting assemblage of persons. The establishment of a church in this place is as gratifying as it would have been unlooked for fifty years ago. Windsor was the first town in the State in which an English settlement was made, 1633. There the Puritans made their lodgment, and some of their brightest ornaments were fostered in that quiet place.—There Roger Wolcot, the first poet of Connecticut, who sang of "Ephraim Jones," and the Mill Dam at which he died, and who was Governor of the Province, had his birth, and it may be reasonably presumed that the thought never entered his head that Episcopacy would ever reach that place.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

The Rev. Edward A. Renouf having taken letters of dismission from the Bishop of Massachusetts, to the Bishop of W. N. Y., and been received into this Diocese, has thereby changed his canonical residence. Mr. Renouf has become the Missionary at Lowville, Lewis co., and its vicinity. He requests papers and letters to be addressed accordingly.

The Rev. George W. Nichols, late rector of St. Mark's Church, New Canaan, Conn., having accepted a call to Emmanuel Church, Norwich, Western New York, desires papers and letters for him to be addressed accordingly.

DELAWARE.

The Rev. George W. Freeman, D. D., formerly of Raleigh, N. C., and late of Columbus, Miss., has been unanimously elected [illegible] Mr. Pressman in the Rectorship of Immanuel Church, New Castle, Delaware. We are happy to record so [illegible] judicious choice by this ancient and respectable parish.

MARYLAND.

Dedication.—On Thursday, October 26th, St. John's Church, Hagerstown, having been enlarged, and renovated in the interior, was, on request by the Rector, Churchwardens, and Vestry, solemnly dedicated anew to the holy purposes for which it was originally consecrated, by the Bishop of the diocese. The request of the Rector and Vestry, was read by the Rev. Mr. Lyman, as rector; the letter of Consecration, by the Rev. Mr. Buel, of Cumberland. Morning prayer was said by the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, of Virginia, and Lessons being read by the Rev. Mr. Trevett, Assistant Minister of the Parish. The Bishop preached, and administered the Holy Communion, in which he was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Lyman, Buel and Trevett. The Rev. Messrs. Frost and Wyatt, were also present and assisting.

Consecration.—On Saturday, the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, St. Paul's Church, in St. Paul's parish, Frederick county, was consecrated to the worship and service of Almighty God by the Bishop of the Diocese. The Deed of Donation and request to consecrate, was read by the Bishop, the Letter of Consecration by the Rev. Mr. Buel, of Cumberland. Morning Prayer was read by the Rev. Mr. Buel. The Bishop preached, and administered the Holy Communion, assisted by the rector, the Rev. Mr. Buckley. The Rev. Mr. Barrow was present and assisting.

Confirmations.—On the same occasion, seven persons were confirmed. In St. Mark's Church, Maryland Tract, on the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, eighteen persons were confirmed.

In the unfinished edifice of St. Luke's Church, Pleasant Valley, on Monday, October 30th, *three* persons were confirmed.

OHIO.

New Missionary Station.—Huron, Ohio, has been made a Missionary Station of the Domestic Committee, and the Rev. Samuel Marks appointed Missionary.—Maumee City has been discontinued.

Semi-Annual Meeting of the American Bible Society.—This meeting took place in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 1st inst. Judge McLean, of the U. S. Supreme Court, a vice president of the society, presiding.

Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, opened the meeting by reading the 19th Psalm and prayer.

Dr. Milnor, who had been appointed by the Board of Managers to deliver, on this occasion, a discourse on "the Bible as the rule of faith," being unable to attend the meeting, the Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York, as the alternate of D. M., delivered a discourse on the above subject. "It occupied," says the correspondent of the New York Observer, "more than two hours in the delivery. It was clear in its statements, cogent in its reasonings, eloquent and admirable and bold in its style."

The following clergymen of our own Church, are announced as having been present on this interesting occasion, viz: Bishop Smith, Rev. Drs. Cobbs, Brooke, and Aydelotte and Rev. Messrs. Jackson and McElroy.

From the Western Episcopalian.

A Word of Enquiry.—Did the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio, receive from Christ Church, Springfield, O., some time last winter, a modest request that each adult member of the congregations of the Episcopal Churches in Ohio should contribute six cents each to aid the Church in Springfield in completing a plain and economical building in which they might worship their Lord and Master? Have all the Churches responded to this modest and reasonable request? If not, will not those Churches which have not done so, at their earliest convenience, send their mites to the Minister in charge of that Parish, and if the ministers of those Churches are not disposed to trouble themselves with the charge, will not some kind Layman take the task upon himself in each Church so situated, and thus aid this struggling parish? A word to the willing is sufficient.

A. Layman.

GEORGIA.

Bishop Elliot held a special ordination at Christ Church, Savannah, on the 23d ult., at which time he admitted to deacons' orders, Mr. Jonathan B. T. Smith, late of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Morning prayer was read by the Rev. Mr. Neufville, who also presented the candidate. The sermon was preached by the bishop. Mr. Smith will, for the present, labor as a missionary in Baker county, Georgia.

TENNESSEE.

On Sunday, Oct. 1st, Bishop Otey consecrated Immanuel Church, La Grange, a neat brick building, having a spire surmounted by a cross, and containing 56 pews; being the third edifice that has been consecrated in West Tennessee. Churches are also building at Bolivar and Memphis, and will soon be ready for consecration. We are happy to learn that the excellent Bishop enjoys good health amidst his heavy labours, and is "cheered by the evidences of prosperity which he sees attending the exertions made for the advancement of true religion in the Church."

Bishop Otey's Visitation.—Oct. 20th, Bishop Otey read prayers and preached at Ravenscroft Chapel, Tipton County, and baptised 3 children.

21st and 22nd, officiated in St. Paul's Church, Randolph, both these days, baptised 4 children and 5 adults, and confirmed 4 persons.

FOREIGN.

Vice Chancellor of Oxford University.—The Rev. Dr. Wynter, who officially silenced Dr. Pusey, has been unanimously re-elected Vice-chancellor of the University for the ensuing year. On the day of election, the members of the convocation assembled, it is said, in unusually large numbers.

It was rumoured that Dr. W. would receive the appointment of the See of Lichfield and Coventry, just made vacant by the death of the Rt. Rev. James Bowstead, D. D.

Obituary.

From such sources as were immediately within his reach, the writer of this obituary has drawn the following brief account of the life of the Rev. Lemuel Beach Hull. Such an account seemed due to the memory of one who had held a prominent station in every community in which he had lived, and to the solicitude of a very numerous circle of friends, especially in his native State of Connecticut, where the larger and most active part of his life was passed, and where the impress of his sterling character must long continue to remain. From early manhood, a consistent and determined advocate of those principles in the church which he received on her most ancient authority, and with the sanction of her greatest names, even a brief memorial of his life must exhibit this prominent feature of it, nor will that be deemed offensive in the narrative, which in the man commanded the respect always due to consistency and principle.

He was born at Reading, Fairfield county, Conn. on the 19th of April, 1792. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, though not such as to procure for their son a more expensive education than the common schools of the State afforded. He received holy baptism when an infant, from the hands of the Rector of the Parish, afterwards the well known and venerated Dr. Burhans, of Troy, from whose lips also came his first instruction in the catechism. While yet in his youth, his parents removed from Connecticut to Ohio leaving him in charge of his aunt, the wife of the Rev. David Belden, of Wilton. Here he was taught a trade, and doubtless would have prosecuted it with successful energy, had not the influences of two other members of his father's [illegible] contributed to turn his attention to the sacred calling he afterwards adopted. They resided at Troy, and the same zeal for the Church, which prompted the suggestion to their nephew, of a change in his life, was subsequently manifested by the legacy which one of them left for the benefit of a second Episcopal Congregation in that town, although as yet there was no thought of such a movement. But the churchman's confidence in the growth of that communion to which it is his blessedness to belong, looks far into the future. It is built upon the promise of the Church's Divine Head, so abundantly fulfilled in her history every where, not least in our own country. Mr. Hull has been heard to say that this suggestion of his aunt, joined with his own observation of the great need for clergymen that then existed, and the sense of duty consequent upon it, decided his future course. He was dependent in a considerable degree on his own exertions for support, and while engaged in his preparatory studies sustained himself by teaching a district school. For two years he pursued a course of classical and other studies, under the direction of the Rev. Charles Smith, of Wilton, and the Rev. John Judd, of Stamford, and assisted each of them in their labors by lay reading. At that time the church was making that steady progress which Bishop Seabury's energy had, under God, begun, and which was not likely to relax, under the same divine control, in the hands of Bishops Jarvis and Hobart. The field was not occupied, however, by so numerous a band of labourers as strengthen the willing hands of the present diocesan, and many a pastor's care extended a long day's journey on every side, and embraced many important stations. Under such circumstances, Mr. Hull began his labours in the Church, but as the history of the Church has abundantly witnessed, most useful office of lay reader. At this time also, he entered the General Theological Seminary, then established at New Haven, and was among the first to receive its instructions, in company with one of the present House of Bishops, and others among our prominent clergy. In 1822 the 4th day of August, he was ordained Deacon by the present bishop of Connecticut. A year's labour as missionary in the eastern part of the state, over an extensive range of country, brought him to the period when he would receive the "higher degree," and more awful responsibilities of the Priesthood unto which he was admitted by the same Spiritual Father, in St. Andrew's Church, Meriden, on the 4th of June, 1823. He was immediately established as the rector of the Parishes at Reading and Danbury where, after his marriage in 1824, he passed the happiest portion of his life. At the former place was a small but flourishing parish, while at the latter the Church was in a very feeble state. For 11 years Mr. Hull laboured actively and successfully at these places, and in the more general concerns of the Diocese at large. At Reading were a numerous circle of relatives, [illegible] himself desirous to serve God in his Church with a willing service; and only when the people so cooperate, does God's full blessing descend upon them, and all feel animated to endure their portion of the burden. Through his exertions chiefly, a new and very appropriate structure was built on the same site where his great grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Beach, founded a House of God. This venerable and devoted clergyman, who was a preacher of the Congregational denomination at Newton, became a convert to the faith, went to England to receive Holy Orders, and returned to his native place to erect a church [illegible] to build anew and beautify. To this work Mr. Hull gave freely of his property, and the labour of his hands, even hewing timbers, [illegible] and stone and mortar, and bestowing some two or three hundred dollars from his own small means. At Danbury, likewise, the Church grew into strength under his ministration. And during the same period, at Bethel, a village between his two parishes, he gathered by afternoon services a congregation, who until the church was built had never an opportunity to unite in the public ordinances of the Lord's Day. Nor did these years witness only his activity in parish duties. In the Quarterly Meetings of the clergy of the county, in company with a true and congenial friend, the Rector of the Church at Norwalk, now missionary Bishop of the North West, he was made to promote the purpose of these [illegible]. He was also a faithful member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, which office he held until his removal to the West. An unfailing supporter of the Episcopal authority, and of the revenues [illegible] of it in that Diocese, he was very active in placing the temporal maintenance of the Bishop on a more suitable foundation, travelling throughout the state where matters had reached their worst pass, to collect the amount which was due, as [illegible] which duty and [illegible] him to sorrow. Somewhere about the year 1830, he was called upon with his brethren throughout the state, to resist a combined attack which was made upon the Church by a prominent body of dissenters, of which an unexpected warning had been given. A [illegible] system of [illegible] was the medium of this attack, and simultaneously with it, the clergy of the diocese opened the churches in their charge [illegible] and gave the [illegible] to a yet more careful supervision of their flocks. During the whole of one summer, Mr. Hull officiated at Reading and Danbury, and in neighbouring places [illegible] on Sunday, and almost every day in the week, stimulating the zeal of his people, and collecting new candidates for various ordinances of grace. The result of such labours as these on the part of the clergy, and of the special attention thus called to the church, was such as follows all combinations of the kind against her,—the augmentation of her own [illegible], and the accession of fresh members to the sacred fold. The Diocesan confirmations that year exceeded in number any of previous dates, or of subsequent ones until the present year. In such labours, with such results, passed the period of Mr. Hull's residence at Reading. His removal from that place arose from his sense of duty, and was acceded to by the parish with much unwillingness. His next charge was St. Paul's Church, Wallingford. His residence at that village was marked by nothing calling for notice here. The parish numbered about ninety families, and the usual round of duty occupied him. At the end of three years, an adequate support for his family not being afforded him he resolved again to change his abode. His friend and former associate, the present Rt. Rev. Bishop Kemper, having been consecrated to the field of labour which embraces this territory, he was induced thereby to turn his attention to the West. In the spring of 1839 he came hither, and after viewing the ground determined to make trial of it. When two years had passed, his resolve to bring his family to the West was formed. Many and near friends argued against his decision as unfavorable to his interests; but his reply was, that were he to give up the West, no one who knew him would believe that any other clergyman could stand its trials and privations, and so far his influence would tell against the progress of the Church. A parish had been organized at Milwaukie before his arrival, and as its rector Mr. Hull, entered upon the closing [illegible]. He extended [illegible] beyond the [illegible] of the town, making a monthly trip [illegible] on foot, over the ground now occupied by the Nashotah missionaries. To these he afterwards rendered the greatest assistance, and the loss of his sound and ever ready advice they cannot repair; of his sincere and strong friendship and kind intercourse, they deeply deplore. The trials and difficulties incident to his new station, would be too many and minute to relate, although some could well appreciate every word of such a narrative. Those who knew Mr. Hull intimately saw how much his separation from his early associates, and the sort of life a new settlement called him to, weighed upon his mind. In his own words, he had left the early scenes too soon or not soon enough. The impression once made was never effaced, and the contrast became too great for his spirit to move free under. Within six weeks of his own decease, the death of a dearly prized daughter, was a severe blow to him, though received with that calm exterior which seldom forsook him.

A nervous fever gradually set in, and found perhaps in the state of his mind an auxiliary to quicken its own slow ravages. On Thursday, the 12th of October, he took to his bed. His disease exhibited no alarming symptoms, and proceeded toward its crisis at its usual rate.—His mind was calm and clear save when it was directed for some time to any one subject, when it became confused. Of this he seemed aware and therefore spoke seldom. From his physicians and family he received all the care that skill and affection could dictate, and it was the privilege of two clerical brethren from Nashotah to be most of the time by his bedside. On Monday, the 23d inst. his disease took an unfavorable turn, which no skill could counteract. When the diseased body serves only a barrier between the spirit and this outward world, there is an awful impressiveness in the few signs that struggle through, of the soul's activity within. Thus, when his attendants were making every effort to revive and keep him up, he raised his arm and with "Time, time, time!" as though he were counting his own knell, and seeking yet more preparation for his last account. So on that same evening, when according as had been wont, family prayer was offered in his room, he joined audibly in the Lord's prayer. Again, when about one o'clock, A. M. the Holy Eucharist was administered to him, he was prevented to unite feebly in some responses. Once again he answered "yes," when asked if he knew he was dying, and then passed through his last trial most gently. With full knowledge of his condition and having received the pledge and earnest of Eternal Life, his soul departed by the grace of that blessed viaticum, "in the Lord," into whose hands we commend his spirit.

Of the character and principles of the Rev. Mr. Hull, the writer wishes to speak in few words, yet with the earnestness of affection and respect. He was of a most firm spirit,—a steadfast resolution that could not lightly be diverted from its object. His judgment was clear and his decision prompt. He was governed by his reason; passion was never apparent, and his affections lay in the still depths of his character, a well of refreshment to those who sought it out, calm and pure and never failing. In the intercourse of business and the world, his remarkable tact and ability commanded universal respect. In private, to those whom he trusted and disclosed himself, he was more loved the better he was known.—Wherever he went his stock of information made him a useful, and his cheerfulness of spirit, a most agreeable companion. His religious principles were sound and practical, and the law of God his rule of life. His weight of character, and value as a practical man in whose dependance could be placed, was felt wherever he was, but most in the Ecclesiastical affairs of his native State. With its Bishop and the Convention he had great influence, and the former lost in him a personal friend and presbyter most highly prized. In dismissing him to the West, Bishop Brownell says—"I never signed any paper with so much pain as the document on the preceding page. I had not brought myself to regard it as possible that you could leave the Diocese, and I was wholly unprepared for the separation;" and then speaks in the strongest terms of his "perfect confidence and esteem." Indeed there are many friends of the deceased, older than the present writer, and abler to do justice to his life and character, but none more willing.

Mr. Hull has left behind him his widow and two children, for whose welfare after his decease he thought it his duty while living to provide, and of late in frequent and most earnest terms expressed his sense of it to the writer, as if some premonition of his own departure had come to him. Of such and all cares, there is an end, to those who "rest from their labors, unto which rest it is the great and enduring comfort of the survivors to believe that their departed friend and relative has attained.

J. H. H.

Died, in this city, at the residence of Bishop Onderdonk, on Friday, 17th inst., Caspar Wistar Sharples, aged one year and two months, son of Caspar W. Sharples, of Delaware County.

Ecclesiastical Calendar.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
November 26.

Proper Lessons for Morning Service. [illegible] Evening [illegible] 1 John [illegible]. The [illegible] Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the 25th Sunday are to be used.

ADVENT SUNDAY—December 3.
Proper Lessons for Morning Service, Isa. 1. Luke [illegible] 23. Evening, Isa. ii. Rom. [illegible]

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT—December 10.
Proper Lessons for Morning Service, Isa. v. Luke [illegible] 22. Evening, Isa. [illegible] Rom. [illegible]

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT—December 17.
Proper Lessons for Morning Service, Isa. xxv. Luke [illegible] Evening, Isa. [illegible] Rom. [illegible]

BISHOP ONDERDONK'S APPOINTMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Phœnixville,	Sunday,	Nov. 26th,	Morning
[illegible]	do	do	Afternoon
Phœnixville,	do	do	Evening
Paradise	do.	Dec. 3d	
Warwick,		do 22d,	Morning
Downingtown,		do do	Evening
Carlisle,	Sunday,	do 24th	
Harrisburg,	Christmas	do 25th	

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.

Sunday next being the last Sunday in the month, this Church will be open for Divine service in the evening, at 7½ o'clock.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

Divine service and [illegible] may be expected in All Saints' Church, corner of Shippen Lane and Fitzwater street, every Sunday at half-past 10 o'clock, A. M.; and at 3 o'clock, P. M., and a Lecture on every Thursday evening, at 7½ o'clock.

ADVENT CHURCH.

Temperance Hall, Third street below Green.

FAIR AND SALE OF USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES.

The Ladies of this Parish intend to hold a Fair and Sale of Useful and Fancy articles during the approaching [illegible].

It is perhaps not generally known that this infant Parish [illegible]. Whoever has been accommodated, is owing, under the blessing of God, to the energy, devotedness and liberality of its two immediate members. Not more the zeal and perseverance of the Ladies, in promoting in their sphere, the good cause, been [illegible]. The independence of the Parish is largely indebted to their pious and ingenious labors.

It is hoped therefore that the members of the sister churches and others will, at their attendance, contribute to the object which the Ladies of Advent Church have now in view.

Donations will be gratefully received if left with the Rector, [illegible] or with the Accounting Warden, 191 Coates street, or at Mr. George's Book Store in [illegible] above Chesnut st.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FOR KENYON COLLEGE.

From R. S. T. [illegible]	$ 10 00
Previously acknowledged.	1289 72
	$1299 72

Stanley & McCalla.

PHILADELPHIA CITY MISSION.

I would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of $[illegible] from Mr. James S. Newbold, Warden of St. [illegible] [illegible] Poor-fund, and I have received in the amount [illegible] [illegible]

Thos. G. Allen, General Agent.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED.

MICHAEL Angelo; or the Contest of the Souls, a Song of the Church Catholic; by the author of "Christmas Bells and other Poems," &c. &c. 1 vol 12mo. Price [illegible]

GEO. S. APPLETON, Publisher,
Nov. 25. 148 Chesnut st., opposite the Arcade.

NEW BOOKS FOR CHURCHMEN.

EPISCOPACY Tested by Scripture, by Bishop Onderdonk.

[illegible] Sermons [illegible] and [illegible] on the Subjects and Modes of Baptism. [illegible]

Hugh White's Meditations on Prayer.

[illegible] on the Apostolical Succession.

The [illegible] of the Devout Penitent, a Book of Devotion, by Sherlock.

The Unity of the Church, by Henry Edward Manning, Archdeacon of Chichester.

The Clergyman's Companion in Offices of the Church, for the use of Clergymen, edited by Bishop Ives.

For sale by H. HOOKER,
178 Chesnut st., opposite the Masonic Hall.
Nov. 25.

EPISCOPAL BOOK STORE.

DEPOSITORY of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, R. S. H. GEORGE, 26 South Fifth street, above Chesnut.

NEW BOOKS.

Bible Rhymes, and Trust in the Church, a beautiful present for Sunday scholars.

Questions on the Lessons, Collect, Epistle and Gospel in the Sunday Morning Service of the Church. By the Rev. Thomas Jackson. No. 1 just published.

The Dew of Heaven, and the Churchman's Hymn for Heaven; two beautiful little works.

The Portion of the Soul, by the Rev. H. Hooker.

Just received, a large collection of Bibles, Prayer books, and Testaments in every description of binding.

Nov. 25.

SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.

AN Engraved Likeness of Bishop Ives.
do. do. of Rev. Dr. Milnor.

Also, Horne's Introduction, cheap edition, for $3 50.

Bibles and Prayer books in great variety.

For sale by H. HOOKER,
Nov. 25. 178 Chesnut st.

NEW AND IMPORTANT THEOLOGICAL BOOKS,

Received per last Arrivals.

HOOK'S Church Dictionary, 1 vol. 8vo. 12mo.—Mant's History of the Church of Ireland, 2 vols. 8vo.—Archdeacon Manning's Sermons, 1 vol. 8vo.—Hook's Sermons on various subjects, 1 vol. 8vo.—Garbett's Bampton Lectures, 2 vols. 8vo.—A Day in the Sanctuary, with an introductory treatise on Hymnology; by Robert W. Evans, B. D.—Pullen's Moderation of the Church of England Considered, 1 vol. 8vo.—Robert's Oriental Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures, 1 vol. 8vo.—Theodoret's Ecclesiastical History, 1 vol. 8vo.—Garrick's Mode of reading the Liturgy of the Church of England, 1 vol. 8vo.—James' Treatise of the Corruptions of Scripture, Councils and Fathers, 1 vol. 8vo.—Jebb on the Choral Service of the Church, 1 vol. 8vo.

GEORGE S. APPLETON, Importer,
Nov. 25. 148 Chesnut st., opposite the Arcade.

CHEAP THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

THE Subscribers have several thousand volumes of scarce and valuable books which they will sell at reduced prices for cash. Among them are—Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. with all the Maps and Engravings, price $3 50—Dr. Chalmers on the Romans, 8vo. $1 50—Scott's Commentary on the Bible, complete, 3 vols bound, $6—Encyclopædia Americana, 13 vols. 8vo. [illegible], $18—A very fine copy of Rees' Encyclopædia complete in 47 vols. [illegible]—Sherlock's works [illegible] vols. [illegible] $6 50—Another copy in better binding, $7 50—Hall, Burnet's works 1 vol. $2 50—Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation in England, 3 vols $2 50—Cave's Lives of the Primitive Fathers, 2 vols. 8vo.—$2 50—President Edwards' works [illegible], $8—Blunt's Lectures on the [illegible] fine edition, bound, 62½ cts.—[illegible], [illegible] bound, $2 50—Another and better copy $3—[illegible] Scriptores Ecclesiastici, Eusebius Pamphilus, Socrates Scholasticus, Epis Cyril, Evagrius Scholasticus, &c., Greek and Latin, 3 vols. large folio, $[illegible]—Neal's History of the Puritans, 5 vols. 8vo. boards, London, $[illegible]—Episcopius (M. Simon's) Opera Theologica, folio, $[illegible]—Jortin's Ecclesiastical History, 5 vols. 8vo. London, [illegible] $4 25—Ussher's (Steph.) Opera Theologica [illegible] folio, $[illegible] 25—Rev. John Flavel's works, 2 vols. large folio, price $7—bound, &c. &c.

All orders from a distance with the money enclosed, promptly attended to. All letters must be post paid.

Any Books that are to be obtained in this market, supplied at the lowest rates.

J. WHETHAM & SON,
144 Chesnut street, opposite the Theatre.
Nov. 25.

BISHOP M'ILVAINE'S SELECTED SERMONS.

SELECT FAMILY AND PARISH SERMONS.—A series of Evangelical Discourses, selected for the use of families and destitute congregations. By the Right Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D., with a preliminary Address, by the same, to parents on the importance of Family Religion and Christian Education. 2 large super. 8vo. volumes, of nearly 1250 pages.

The principle regarded in this selection has been, to make it embrace the great doctrinal and practical features of the Gospel, so as to exhibit evangelical truth pointedly and forcibly, in the spirit of its Divine Author, adapting it alike to the taste of the cultivated, and to the understanding of the uncultivated. The aim has been, to present the great subjects of revealed religion in their natural order, occupying a wide range of spiritual instruction; in other words, to present a complete system of *Divinity*, so far as the nature of sermon composition will allow, keeping steadily in view the exhibition of "the whole counsel of God," as revealed, and particularly as the allotted space will permit.

We consider this one of the most valuable and important works ever given to the Episcopal Church in the United States. The discourses are of the most decided evangelical character. They are selected by Bishop McIlvaine for the use of families and vacant parishes, from a large variety of writers, some of whom are among the best living divines of the Church of England. We know that such sermons are not popular works in our light day. But we esteem such volumes as these, important treasures in the Church, and we cannot but hope they will ultimately attain the influence which they deserve, and the circulation which will be proportioned to their claims upon public notice and regard.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

It is most heartily to be desired, that this "labour of love" may be useful in Bishop McIlvaine, or far from disappointing his expectation, [illegible] hundreds of destitute congregations, and thousands of families, who will prize it as a treasure of intellectual and spiritual wealth.—*Boston Recorder.*

The selection and arrangement evince judgment and taste, and the spirit which breathes through the discourses is sound and evangelical. We highly approve of such collections, when judiciously made, as comprising the best pulpit productions of various authors, which many would otherwise never see, and as affording very desirable facilities for family instruction, missions and destitute churches. The Preliminary Address on the religious training of youth, is worthy of all praise, as a sensible, practical and pious treatise, the perusal of which cannot fail to secure the reader's entire approval.—*The Bishop of Ohio.*—*The Presbyterian.*

For sale in Philadelphia, by Thomas Cowperthwait & Co., H. Hooker, and R. S. H. George; in New York, by Swords, Stanford & Co. and Alexander V. Blake; S. Babcock, New Haven; in Boston, by James B. Dow, and Charles Stimpson, Jr., and by the Publisher, Isaac N. Whiting, Columbus, Ohio.

CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

THE Subscribers having made arrangements to continue their business on a Cash Plan, will sell at small profits, and will be enabled to execute orders for Theological, Scientific and Miscellaneous Books and Stationery at [illegible] prices. Our present stock comprises [illegible]—[illegible], Chalmers, Doddridge, Barrow, Barnes, Baxter, Bunyan, Bridges, Burnet, Clarke, Scott, Chillingworth, Horne, Howe, Hooker, Archbishop Sharp, Bush, Leighton, Jay, Mason, Newton, Butler, Paley, Pearson, Robert Hall, [illegible] Hall, Horne, Cruden, Calmet, Buck, Cave, Fox, Jortin, Ridgeley, Jones, Jahn, Stackhouse, [illegible], Tillotson, Taylor, Romaine, Simeon, Bickersteth, Bloomfield, Barnes, Jeremy Taylor, [illegible], Watts, Watson, Dwight, Abernethy, Horne, Hopkins, Gill, Lardner, Neal, Graham, Newcome, &c. The above books, and many others too numerous to mention.

In [illegible] Books, we have a great number, comprising Poets, Encyclopedias, Lexicons, &c. [illegible]—Goldsmith's, [illegible], [illegible]—Tytler's—Dictionaries, [illegible]—[illegible]—Shakspeare, Milton, Cowper, Pope, Goldsmith, Homer, Byron, Moore, Burns, Thompson, Pollok, Wordsworth, &c. &c.

[illegible], and [illegible] for making additions to their Libraries, are invited to call and examine our stock and prices.

J. WHETHAM & SON,
144 Chesnut street, opposite the Theatre.
Oct. 28.

MONEY RECEIVED FOR THE RECORDER.

Mrs. Ezra Moore, Montpelier, Md.	$ 2 50
Rev. [illegible] Greene, Barrington Mass.	2 50
George P. [illegible]	2 50
Mrs. Hannah Smith, Pawtucket, R. I. to Sept. 1844	3 00
Rev. John Lyford, [illegible], Vt.	2 50
Miss Frances [illegible], Stratford, Ct.	2 50
Samuel [illegible], Pa.	12 50
Charles [illegible], N. J.	3 00
[illegible], N. J.	2 50
Mrs. Sarah A. [illegible], Crown Point, N. Y.	2 00
[illegible], Mass.	2 50
[illegible]	2 50
[illegible]	2 50
[illegible]	5 00
	$50 00

Poetry.

For the Episcopal Recorder.

THOUGHTS,

Occasioned by the death of Mrs. Julianna Hayman of Washington City; who, in the midst of her years and usefulness, has been called to her reward. But a short time since, she was made to mourn over the departure of a devoted husband, who sickened and suddenly died, while she was on a visit to Philadelphia. Although her faith was strong in the Lord, the stroke was too heavy for her delicate frame, and since, she has been gradually sinking to the tomb. By this mysterious dispensation, a large family of orphans have been thrown upon the world, without a father's counsel or a mother's prayers; but while faithful Christian mothers have admirers, and the Episcopal Church warm members, her memory will be cherished, and her death lamented. A friend in a distant state who knew her well, pays this humble tribute to departed worth.

Her voice is hush'd in death, life's dream is o'er,
The ransom'd spirit takes its upward flight,
In angels' pinions borne, it swiftly soars,
Clad in salvation's robes of dazzling white.

Forgive, sweet Spirit! oh! forgive these tears,
They lend their aid to ease affliction's load;
Yet while fast falling on thy mournful bier,
Recall those not from resting with thy God.

No, no, we wish thee not again to die,
Now thou art freed from anguish, pain and fear—
Go!—with the lost, the loved beyond the sky,
Renew the ties which have been sever'd here.

In early life she gave her heart to God,
Trod in her Saviour's footsteps day by day,
Sought the distressed and on their sorrows pour'd
The voice of pity, soft as angels' lays.

Yes, many a child of want she fed and clad,
While others worship'd at vain fashion's shrine,
The sinking heart by counsel oft made glad,
And raised their hopes to heav'n's bright, changeless clime.

Children bereft, oh! kiss the chast'ning hand,
In mercy, not in wrath, God sent the stroke,
By faith now view her in "the glory land,"
And take the Saviour as your certain hope.

Her pious walk has taught us how to live,
To be prepar'd for endless joys on high,
And her exalted triumph o'er the grave,
Has shown us how the "pure in heart" can die.

Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 25th, 1843. C.

For the Episcopal Recorder.

HYMN.

When lowly on my knees I bend
To Thee, all holy as thou art,
O could my soul by faith ascend,
O did thy love inflame my heart,—

Like some lone bird that from its nest
Is ported by the pathless air,
My spirit, pining for thy rest,
In burning thoughts would pour its prayer;

And no cold words with sluggish sound,
Like streams enchained in ice, would flow,
But upward like an arrow's bound
To God my warm desires would go.

O Holy One, Thy help impart,
The spell that binds my spirit chase,
And o'er my dull, unfruitful heart,
Shed the sweet influence of Thy grace.

That when I breathe my nightly prayer,
On radiant wings my thoughts may rise,
And borne upon the golden air
May catch some accents from the skies;

From angel harps may steal a tone
Pure from Thy courts,—Almighty Friend!
Dear Saviour, on whose love alone
In trembling faith, my hopes depend.

D. S. M.

For the Episcopal Recorder.

HINTS BY A LAYMAN No. XXX.

A TWENTY-SEVENTH "TRACT ABOUT TRACTS."

We continue the transcription of our friend's interesting letter upon tracts, hoping that many will be induced, by the success attending his efforts, to "go and do likewise:" "A fine Sunday morning, in June, while I was going to Sunday School, and distributing tracts, on my way, a couple of sailors came along, swearing, in a most profane manner. I dropped the "*Swearer's Prayer*," wrapped up in "Where are are you going?" they were picked up, and the outside one read by one, while the other, the "*Swearer's Prayer*," was read by the other, both of them with very grave countenances, as I could see from the opposite side. They changed their course, from a westerly to an easterly direction, and crossed to my side of the street; and I heard one say to the other, "Where's there a Bethel? there used to be one." "There's one," said the other, "I believe, in Water street, or Front, I don't know, though, we can go, at any rate, and see." This was in Spruce street above Fourth; having occasion to go on the wharf, to give some tracts to some vessels there, I thought I would hurry, so that I might see if they were in earnest. I delivered my tracts at Walnut street wharf, and was coming up the hill, when I saw my sailors, talking to a gentleman at Front and Walnut, he was pointing to the wharf. They came down the street, and, just as I got to the upper corner, they turned the lower corner of Water street pointing, and saying "*there it is.*" Not wishing to attract their observation, I left them in the hands of God, trusting he would nourish the first fruits with His Holy Spirit."

Now our readers will observe that, by the simple instrumentality adopted by this zealous young Christian, *four individuals* were seriously impressed with the importance of attending to those things which "concern their eternal peace," under circumstances which, we have every reason to believe, will lead to their salvation. And not one of these individuals is at all aware of the person of his unknown benefactor. Some Christians plead that they cannot possess sufficient moral courage to give tracts to others. It is well for *them* that the apostles were not restrained by such nervous timidity, from boldly preaching the "truth as it is in Jesus!" Well, surely, they are not so retiring in their dispositions to *drop tracts* where others can find them!

One of our most able and zealous prelates was made a subject of divine grace, in consequence of finding a tract thus dropped; who can tell how largely God may bless that, fellow Christian, if then wilt but labour whilst it is called to-day!"

THE HOME OF THE DRUNKARD.

A man who had lived a drunken life for about ten years, went from his already miserable home one day, and left the city on a spree. He was gone four weeks, and on his return, he found that the landlord had turned his family into the street for non-payment of rent.—After considerable difficulty he found that they had gone to a back cellar in the upper part of the city. With fear and trembling he approached the place—for he was sober then. After winding his way through a damp, dark and narrow passage, he discovered his family; he hid himself in a recess, and the scene which he beheld sent a convulsive thrill through his whole frame.

In one corner on a broken chair, sat his much abused and almost heart-broken wife, his children clinging around her; the first words that caught his ear, were from his little girl, who looked piteously up in his wife's face and said—

"Mother, I'm so hungry!"

It pierced him to the heart. His wife wept bitterly—while in another corner sat in solemn silence, his poor old broken down mother.

"My son," said the wife, when the weeping had subsided so that she could speak; "my son, go to the corner and ask the grocer for God's sake to give us something to keep us from starvation!"

His poor little bare-footed half-clad and half-starved son passed him, and after a short absence returned, saying that the grocer refused to give him any thing. His wife arose almost in despair, looking round, and found some of the children's ragged clothing. The mother stood some time, as if turning over in her mind how she could make them go the farthest; at length she told her son to get three cents worth of potatoes, and as he was entering with them the little girl exclaimed, "Now we can have something to eat, can't we mother?"

Reader, view not the above as a fiction; it is naked, solemn truth, related by the father himself who is now a Washingtonian.—He was, previous to being a drunkard, a respectable man, and supported his family in comfort, but rum used moderately at first, reduced him and his wife to the state of misery which is above but faintly described.—The Pledge has made him a different man; and his family are once more comfortable and happy.

How many instances are daily occurring in this city, which even outstrip the above in wretchedness, all caused by the use of intoxicating liquors! We beg you, young men, husbands, fathers—shun the wine cup before it is too late!—*Organ and Wash.*

BISHOP GRISWOLD.

Bishop McIlvaine, in his late address to the convention of Ohio, pays the following beautiful tribute to the memory of our lamented and loved father in God, who will long live in the memory and hearts of thousands:

"Since our last convention what a bereavement has our whole Church sustained. In my last address, I spoke of the decease of the venerable Bishop Moore. Now it is Bishop Griswold who has been taken from us, to his Master and Saviour—that dear, humble, meek, wise, spiritually-minded, faithful, most beloved bishop—our most aged, our most experienced bishop, whose countenance was always a sermon, whose whole way and life were so eminently the gospel. How can we do without his meekness, his wisdom, his simplicity, his fast hold upon the truth and life of the gospel, his deep knowledge of what the Church needs, and what her ministers ought to be and to preach, in these times? The Lord who took him away, because He had made him 'meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light,' is yet Himself with His Church, and we will put our trust in Him, knowing that in Him we have all things."

From Rev. H. White's Meditations.

THE JOYS OF PRAYER.

Even in those parts of prayer that might seem only painful, there is a pleasure that would be ill exchanged for this world's most boasted bliss. In the bitterness of repentant sorrow for sin, there is sweetness in the agony of fervent supplication for pardon, there is a joy, as much superior to the best the world can boast, as the heavens are higher than the earth—

The broadest smile unbending life wears,
Less pleasing far than prayer's repentant tears.

Oh! what a happy, heaven-foretasting life might the children of God enjoy on earth, if they would live of prayer!

How calm might they be in the midst of the wildest storms. How composed and cheerful while all around was agitation and alarm—the smile of heaven sparkling around their path, the peace of heaven dwelling within their hearts.

They say that travellers in Alpine regions are encompassed with clear atmosphere, and cloudless sunshine, while traversing the summits of those lofty mountains, at the very time that the world below them is all wrapt in mists and darkness, and thunder clouds are bursting at their feet. Even thus does prayer lift the believer to a loftier and serener region, far above the clouds and storms, that darken and distract the world below. In that region of purity and peace, the atmosphere is clear and calm; and the light of God's countenance shines brightly on the believer's soul, while he sees the thunder clouds of earthly care and sorrow rolling beneath his feet; thus realizing the beautiful illustration of the poet:

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head!"

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

A missionary arises amongst his fellows almost like the denizen of another sphere; home and country, and kindred, all are comparatively forgotten. He hath heard tidings of distant provinces over which superstition rolls her chariot wheels, red with the blood of human sacrifice—he hath listened to the mournful wail speaks of tribes and multitudes passing into eternity, darkly and cheerlessly as the beast that perishes—he hath spread before him the map of the world, and he hath dissected it into moral partitions, and he hath wondered and he hath wept, when taught that Christ, who died for the sins of the dweller in every land, is known and believed on only in scanty and scattered districts, and all this hath agitated and convulsed his spirit—all this hath conspired to annihilate the ties of former citizenship, to link him in brotherhood with the benighted and degraded of his race—and he snatches up a banner, and emblazoning thereon simply the *name* of *Jesus Christ*, leaps upon the waters, and hastens to erect the standard amid polar snows or arid sands, in the valleys and on the mountains of secluded and scarce accessible domains.—*Melville.*

Children's Friend.

THE HAPPY CHILD.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

"Papa," said Edward Thompson to his father, "you do'nt know what beautiful things James Robertson has, of all kinds."

"O, yes," said little Robert, "when we were there yesterday, he took us up into a little room that was all full of playthings just like a toy-shop."

"He had little guns and two drums, and a trumpet and a fife," said Edward, "and one of the drums was a real one, papa, such as men play on."

"And, papa, he had rail-road cars, with a little rail-road for them to go on, and steam-engine and all," said Robert.

"And a whole company of wooden soldiers," said Edward.

"And all sorts of blocks to build houses," said Robert.

"And besides, papa," said Edward, "he has a real live pony to ride on, such a funny little fellow you never saw, and he has such a pretty little riding stick and a splendid saddle and bridle."

"Really," said their father, "you make out quite a list of possessions."

"O, but, papa, we have not told you half; he has a beautiful flower garden, and a gardener to cultivate it for him, so that he don't have to take any trouble with it, and he can do any thing with the flowers he chooses."

"O! and papa, he has rabbits, and a beautiful gray squirrel, with a cage fixed so nicely; and the squirrel plays so many droll tricks; and he has a parrot that can talk and laugh, and call his name, and say a great many funny things."

"Well," said their father, "I suppose you think that James is a very happy boy?"

"O yes, indeed, papa, how can he help being happy?" said both boys; "besides, his mamma, he says, lets him do very much as he likes about every thing."

"Indeed," said their father; "and was he so very happy all day when you were there?"

"Why, no, not all day," said Edward, "but then there was a reason for it;" for in the morning we had planned to go out to the lake to fish, and it rained, and it made James feel rather cross, I suppose."

"But," said his father, "I should have thought, by your account, that there were things enough in the house to have amused you all."

"But James said he was so used to all those things that he did not want to play with them," said Robert: "he called some of the prettiest things that he had 'ugly old things,' and said he hated the sight of them."

"Well," said the father, "I suppose if the truth was known, James is not to be so much envied after all. I have been a week at a time at his father's house, and I have thought that a more uncomfortable, unhappy tempered little fellow, I never saw."

"Well, that is strange," said Edward, "I am sure I would be happy if I was in his place."

"I am afraid you would not," said his father, "for I believe it is having so many things that makes him unhappy."

"Having so many things, papa!" said both boys.

"Yes, my sons; but I will explain this more to you some other time. However, this afternoon, as you are going to have a ride with me, I think I will take you out to see a little boy who is a very happy boy, as I think," said their father.

* * * * * *

"I wonder if this can be the house!" said Edward to Robert, as the carriage stopped before a very small brown house.

Their father got out, and asked them to walk in with him. It was a very little house, with only two rooms to it; and in the one they entered they saw a very pale, thin little boy, lying on a small, low bed, in front of the door. His face was all worn away by disease, and his little hands, which were folded on the outside of the bed, were so thin, one could almost see through them. He had a few playthings lying by him on the bed, and on a little stand by him was a cracked brown mug, in which were some sweet peas, and larkspurs, and lavender, and bright yellow marigolds; beside this lay a well-worn Bible and hymn-book. His mother was ironing in the next room, but when she saw the boys and their father, she came forward to receive them.

"Well, my little fellow," said Mr. Thompson, "how do you do to-day?"

"O, pretty comfortable," he said.

"I have brought my boys to see you," said Mr. Thompson.

The sick boy smiled, and reached out one of his thin little hands to welcome them. Edward and Robert took his hand, and then turned and looked anxiously at their father.

"Papa, how long has he been so sick?" asked Robert.

"More than a year, young gentleman," said his mother, "it's a year since he's been able to sit up, and it's four months since he's been able to be turned at all in bed; he has to lie all the time, just as you see, on his back."

"O, what a long time!" said Edward, "why can't you turn him and let him lie on his side?"

"Because it hurts him to lie on either side."

"What is the matter with him?" asked Robert.

"Why, the doctor says it's a complaint of the bone; it began more than two years ago, down in his foot, and they had to cut the foot off, in hopes that it would stop it; but it didn't: and then they cut off the leg above the knee; and that didn't stop it, and it creeping up, up, and finally it will be the death of him. He suffers dreadfully nights, sometimes no sleep at all for two or three nights."

"O, father, how dreadful," said Edward, pressing close to his father.

"Papa," said Robert, looking up and whispering, "I thought we were going to see a little boy that was very happy!"

"Wait a little," said Mr. Thompson, "and you will see," and then he turned to the sick boy.

"My little fellow," said he, "you find a very tiresome lying here so long?"

"A little so," said the boy, smiling very pleasantly, "but then I have so many things to make me comfortable."

"What things?"

"O, I have a knife, and I can whittle a little at a time, and I have this little china dog that a lady gave me; I play with that sometimes, and then don't you see my flowers?"

The little boy pointed to a small bed of flowers just before the door, where there were some pinks, some larkspurs, marigolds, and sweet peas; it was weeded very clean, and the flowers made it bright enough.

"Mother planted all those flowers for me in the spring," he said, "and she has watered and weeded them every night after she has done her work; and they grow beautifully, and I lie here every day and look at them. Sometimes when the rain is falling, or in the morning when the dew is on them, they look so bright and fresh. Mother puts some in the mug, to stand by me every day."

"But don't you suffer a great deal of pain?"

"Sometimes I do; but then, sir, I know that God would not send it if it was not best for me, so I am willing to bear it; besides, I know that the Lord Jesus Christ suffered more pain for me than I suffer. There are some beautiful hymns about it in this book," he added, taking up his little hymn-book; "and then I have the Bible, O, I don't know how I could get along if it were not for that!"

"But are you never unhappy when you see other boys jumping and playing about?"

"No, I am not; I know God knows what is best for me; besides, my Saviour comforts me. I love to be here, when it is all still, and think about him."

"Don't you hope sometimes that you will get well, and be able to go about again?"

"No, I know that I can't; I shall not live a great while; they all say so."

"And don't you feel afraid to die?"

"O, no; I feel as if I would be glad to. I long to see my Saviour. All I feel sad about is, that mother will be lonesome when I am gone."

"Well, my little boy, if there is any thing I can send you to make you more comfortable, I shall be glad to."

"O, thank you, sir, but I don't know as I want any thing."

"I wish I could relieve your pains, my little fellow" said Mr. Thompson.

"God would do it in a minute, if it was only best for me," said the boy, "and if it is not best, I had rather he would not do it. Besides, I think I am happier now than I used to be when I was well."

"Ah! how can that be?"

"I did not love God so much then, and I used to forget to read the Bible. I had not so much pleasure in thinking about heaven," said the little boy.

"You remember," said Mr. Thompson, "it says in the Bible, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.'"

"That is just it, sir," said the boy, "just the way I feel. O, I've been very happy since I have been sick here."

Edward and Robert looked at their father at these words. Mr. Thompson now rose to go.

"If you please, sir, perhaps the boys would like some of my flowers; there is a beautiful root of pinks there, and some roses," said the sick boy.

"O, no," said Edward, "we won't take them away from you."

"O, I like to give them away," said the boy, earnestly; "do take some."

"Take some, my dear children, it will please him," said Mr. Thompson, in a low voice, as he picked a few and gave to each of the boys; and then added aloud,—"We will keep them to remember you by, my dear little fellow."

As they parted with the little boy, he smiled sweetly, and put out his hand, and added, "if you'll come when my latest rose bush is in blossom, I'll give you some roses."

* * * * * *

"Papa," said Edward, "that poor little boy really does seem to be happy, and yet he is poor, and sick, and in pain; and he has a very few things, too. It is strange; he certainly is a great deal happier than James Robertson."

"Well, I can tell you the reason," said his father. "It is because James Robertson is a selfish boy that he is unhappy.—From morning till night he thinks of nothing but how to please himself. His father and mother have spent their lives in contriving ways to please him—and now he is so selfish that he is always unhappy."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS

The Treasurer of our Committee for Domestic Missions, since his report of the 9th inst. has received the following contributions:

Through N. R. Middleton, Esq. R. A. in Charleston, collection at the Mercantile Lecture, per Rev. P. C. Durbin, $14 00; from Rev. Clemson Walters, $5 00; Female Working Society of St. Michael's, $60; St. Philip's, $61 20; Christ ch. Greenville, $10—half from S. C. Wardlaw, in ad. to $5, a friend, $2—per J. A. Spence, offerings of St. Mark's ch. in the Bowery, New York, per Rev. Dr. Anthon, $34; collection in Calvary ch. New York, per Rev. Saml. Pyne, $30; for Rock River Mission, Bishop Chase's Diocese, $20. Total, $232 01.

THOMAS N. STEWARD, Treasurer.
Nov. 15, 1843. 122 Broadway, New York.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

The Treasurer of the Foreign Committee acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, since his report of 9th inst.

From a lady of Trinity ch. New Rochelle, N. Y. for Africa, $1; Church of the Epiphany, Phil. Rev. Dr. Ving, rector, for Africa, $200—viz. from Ladies' Sewing Society, of which, $25; second payment for education of Isaac Cornel, $20; for the general purposes of the African mission, out from Ladies' Society, $220; special in aids, $20; from H. Tessier, R. A. Charleston, S. C. Sunday School of St. Michael's ch. per Rev. P. F. Keeth, for Africa, $31 25; St. Stephen's chapel, monthly missionary hebdom. per Rev. E. C. Dupont, $7 68; Bible Class at St. Stephen's chapel, for education of Nathaniel Bowen, Africa, $20; St. Philip's ch. per Rev. Dr. Gadsden, for Africa, $20; from the same, for Texas, $20; Christ ch. Georgetown, S. C., per Rev. Mr. Bryan, $10; Trinity ch. New-port, per Rev. F. Vinton, for the education of Grey Goldsmith, Africa, $20; for education of Maria Waggoh's Venture, $20; for education of Margaret Champion, $20—three children under charge of Rev. Mr. Pinney, Africa—$60; St. Mark's ch. in the Bowery, New York, per Rev. Dr. Anthon, monthly offerings, for China, $30; for general purposes, $3 20—$23 20; also a ticket for China, left at the store of Stanford and Swords, for Rev. Dr. Boone's Mission in China, $25. Total, $283 23.

F. S. WINSTON,
New York, Nov. 15, 1843. Acting Treasurer.

GOTHIC ECCLESIASTICAL FURNITURE, designed and executed by J. HARE OTTEN, Carver, 82 South Fifth st., Philad.

Candelabras, Candlesticks, Banner ornaments, Capitals, and other enrichments, carved in the various ecclesiastical styles, and Gilded or Bronzed. Patterns for Iron castings, gates, railings and standards, &c.

☞ See advertisement in McElroy's directory.
Oct. 14—3m.

H. HOOKER'S CHEAP BOOK STORE.
NEW ANNUALS FOR 1844.

THE Forget-me-not Annual—Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book for 1844, containing 36 engravings, elegantly bound.

The London Juvenile Scrap-book, 16 plates.

China, in a Series of views, depicting the Scenery, Architecture and Social Habits of that Ancient Empire.

Heroic Illustrations of the Bible. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Christian Family Annual for 1844.

The Drawing-room Annual, with splendid engravings, for 1844.

The Gift, a Christmas and New Year Present, splendidly bound, with numerous engravings, for 1844.

The Winter Green, a Perennial Gift for 1844, with numerous engravings.

Friendship's Offering for 1844.

Rose of Sharon for 1844.

The Literary Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1844, with 10 engravings.

☞ With a great variety of splendidly illustrated works—Bibles, Prayer books, &c., elegantly bound. Nov. 18.

BISHOP McILVAINE ON JUSTIFICATION.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, with an Appendix. By the Rt. Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio. 1 vol. 12mo., neatly bound in muslin. Price, 37½ cts.

The object of this work is "distinctly to exhibit certain main truths involved in the great matter of a sinner's Justification before God, and to point out certain main errors in that connection."

For sale in Philadelphia by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., H. Hooker, and R. S. H. George; in New York by Sawyer, Stanford & Co., and Geo. C. Baldwin; S. Babcock, New Haven; in Boston by James B. Dow, and Charles Stimpson, Jr.; and by the publisher, Isaac N. Whiting, Cincinnati, Ohio. Nov. 18

SHORT'S CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

NEW EDITION—The History of the Church of England to the Revolution of 1688, by the Right Rev. Thomas Vowler Short, D. D., Bishop of Sodor and Man. One vol. octavo.

JAS. M. CAMPBELL & CO.,
98 Chesnut st.

The publishers of this valuable work are permitted to use the following letter, from the Rev. Dr. May, Professor of Church History in the Theological Seminary of Virginia:—

"Theological Seminary of Va., Nov. 11, 1843.

"Messrs. J. M. Campbell & Co.,

"Dear Sirs,—I am happy to see your advertisement of an American edition of Bishop Short's History of the Church of England. Though there are faults in the style of the work, especially on the score of perspicuity, and occasionally in the construction of sentences, yet this does not prevent one's reaching in it a great amount of information of the deepest interest. It is written in a moderate temper and on a sound, candid and impartial tone. As a whole, it contains, I think, more information on its proper subject, than any other one work in print among us. Your edition is particularly acceptable to me who use the work as a text book, for we can now purchase at home for $1 50 what heretofore we have been obliged to import at the cost of more than $4.

"JAMES MAY,
"Prof of Ch. Hist. in the Theol. Sem. of Va."

Nov. 18

TO ALL CHRISTIANS.

JUST published, a very cheap edition of Bishop Burnet's HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION, complete with a Preface, in 3 large 8vo. volumes.

The Publisher, in obedience to a call of the times, has determined to offer to ecclesiastical students, general scholars, and families throughout the land, his edition of Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation, for the extraordinary low price of $2 50.

To the students of either civil or religious history, no epoch can be of more importance than that of the Reformation in England. It smoothed the countenance, in one of its strongest holds, of the Roman Power, and gave an impulse to the human mind, the full results of which are even now but partly realized. Almost all freedom of inquiry—all toleration in matters of religion, had its birth-hour there; and without a familiar acquaintance with all its principal events, but little progress can be made in understanding the causes and ultimate tendency of the revolution thus effected.

The History of Bishop Burnet is one of the most celebrated, and by far the most impartially quoted, of any that has been written of this great event. Upon the original publication of the first volume, it was received in Great Britain with the loudest and most extravagant encomiums. The author received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was requested to continue the work. In continuing it, he had the assistance of the most learned and eminent divines of his time. The whole is published in three large octavo volumes of six hundred pages each, and large type.

The publisher hopes the religious community will support him in this enterprise, for without very large sales he cannot expect to be remunerated for his outlay. All who have purchased D'Aubigne's Reformation in Germany, will find Burnet's Reformation in England a valuable and cheap addition to their library.

GEO. S. APPLETON, Publisher,
Nov. 18. 148 Chesnut st., opposite the Arcade.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL BOOKS,

ESPECIALLY designed for the approaching Holydays. For sale at 146 Chesnut st.

The Holiday Gem for Boys, 192 pp., 18mo. embellished with a Frontispiece of fine steel engraving, and six engravings in stone or wood.

Contents.—The Bird's Nest, (original;) steel plate—The Worm, (poetry)—Trouble, and how to bear it, (poetry)—Collier-boy and his Cradle bed, (engraving)—The Poor Sailor, (poetry)—The Cornish Cripple, (engraving)—The Fair's Journal, (poetry)—The Young Picture Critic, (engraving)—Principle put to the Test (poetry)—Frank Hampton, or the Advantages of Labour, (original)—The Snow-drop, (poetry)—The Pillow and the Pillar, (engraving)—The Beggar Man, (poetry)—The Life of Joseph, or Martyrdom of Zerubbabel, (engraving)—The Poor Widow, (poetry)—Count Zinzendorf and the Indians, (engraving.)

THE HOLIDAY GEM FOR GIRLS.
192 pp., 18mo.
Beautifully embellished.

Contents.—The School Dame and Village Pet, (original;) with fine steel engraving—The Dame School-mistress, (poetry)—The Poor New Year's Days, (original;) with engraving—Lucy Gray, (poetry)—I am going to turn over a New Leaf, (engraving)—Morning Address to my Soul, (poetry)—The Sabbath-bell Scholar's Teacher, (original)—The Orphan Child at the Grave of its Parents, (poetry)—The New Grass Yard, (original, and engraving—Don't Scatter my Flowers, (poetry)—Little Girls' Missionary Meeting, (engraving)—The Pet Paint, (poetry.)

The Little Boys' Forget-me-not. 192 pp., large 32mo. With eight appropriate and striking illustrations.

The Flower, a little token for the Holydays. 96 pp. 24mo. Embellished with three engravings.

Annie Sherwood, or Scenes at School. By the author of Scenes in the Holy Land. 172 pp., 18mo. With a fine Steel Frontispiece.

Letters to a very Young Lady. 240 pp. 18mo. With a beautiful Frontispiece, from a fine Steel Engraving.

The Great Aim of the Sunday School Teacher. By the author of the "Sunday-school Teacher's Harvest," the "Sunday-school Teacher's Dream," the "Teacher Pastor," &c. 128 pp. 32mo.

The Choice Medley, or Here a Little and There a Little, by a mother.

CONTENTS.—Come at Call; Old Age; The Road to Ruin, Law of Kindness; Love of Money.

These narratives are all original and authentic, and each or them is illustrated by a fine original engraving. It is one of our most attractive volumes.

The Round Rod, Memoir of the Rev. Henry Monroe, late Pastor of Attleborough and Lowell, Pennsylvania. "Ye are never wholly cast and wast."—Milton. 144 pp. 18mo.

Published by the AMERICAN S. S. UNION, and for sale at the Depositories, 146 Chesnut st., Philadelphia; 132 Nassau st., New York; 3 Cornhill, Boston.

Nov. 18—7t.

JAMAICA.

NOW READY—JAMAICA, its Past and Present State, by the Rev. James M. Phillippo of Spanish Town, Jamaica, twenty years a Baptist Missionary in the Island. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Price 50 cents.

JAMES M. CAMPBELL & CO.,
98 Chesnut st., up stairs.

GLEANINGS BY THE WAY, BY REV. J. A. CLARK, D. D.

THE following, among many testimonials in favour of this excellent work, have been received:

"Few works would a more graphic pen than Dr. Clark. His lively views of men and things—his ready appreciation of the beautiful—his fine taste, and pure feelings, fit him admirably to be a board. Over a third of the volume is occupied with a clear, full, and in many respects, novel account of the Mormons, and their strange delusions. A better sketch of the error is no where to be found."—N. Y. Evangelist.

"The volume contains the observations of the author during a tour through this state and parts of the West. The sketches are faithful, lively, and entertaining. There is one portion of the book—and it very large portion it is—which is valuable beyond the ordinary matter in works of this class, we mean a history of Mormonism, or usurpers of the Bible' on which they profess to found their creed."—N. American.

"The volume is not only a readable but it is really an instructive one."—Penn. Enquirer.

It is published and for sale by the subscriber, where may be obtained the other writings of this gifted author. Also, a general assortment of religious and miscellaneous books.

JAMES K. SIMON,
Nov. 21. 121 South Fifth st., above Spruce.

VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

LECTURES on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. By James F. W. Johnston. 2 vols. 12mo.—Gray's Botanical Text Book for Colleges, Schools, and Private Students. Illustrated with numerous engravings.

Gardening for Ladies; and Companion to the Flower Garden. By Mrs. Loudon. Edited by A. J. Downing.

The Theory of Horticulture; or an attempt to explain the Principal operations of Gardening. By John Lindley. Edited by A. J. Downing and A. Gray.

Spurrey on Agricultural Chemistry, intended for the use of the Practical Farmer.—Emerson's New American Gardener.—Complete Farmer.—New American Orchardist.—Received and for sale by

BARRINGTON & HASWELL,
Oct. 28. 231 Market street.

NEW AND CHEAP BIBLES.

BISHOP Burnet's History of the Reformation of the Church of England, in 3 large octavo volumes. Price $2 50.—History of the Church of England to the Revolution of 1688, by Bishop Short, price $1 50.

Homely Hints intended for S. School Teachers, by Old Humphrey.

Elijah, the Tishbite, by F. W. Krummacher, D. D.

The Farmer's Daughter, by Mrs. Cameron. Watson on the Prayer Book.

The Three Hundred, or the Power of Faith, by a Lady of Virginia.

History of a Pocket Prayer Book. By the Rev. B. Dorr. Price 31 cts. JAMES K. SIMON.
Nov. 4—3t. 5th above Spruce.

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

MRS. S. A. BURR, PRINCIPAL.

The location of this School is one of the most desirable in the State, being pleasantly situated in a retired part of the city, on an eminence commanding an extensive and delightful prospect of Long Island Sound, and of the surrounding country, and only four hours from New York, which there is a daily line of steamboats. The house is large and commodious, with ample grounds, on every facility for amusement and recreation.

Mrs. S. A. Burr, (a native of France,) has taken the place of Miss Scott, and will remain at the head of the Institution. She has had much experience in teaching, and with other assistants, all branches of a French and English education will be thoroughly taught. Boarders in the family will have peculiar advantages in acquiring a knowledge of the French language, as it is that of the family.

The School year consists of two sessions, of five months each, commencing on the first of May and November.

The terms for tuition in French and English, board and washing, are, for the summer session, $62; for the winter session, $75.

Lessons on the Piano, and use of instrument, per session, $25. On the Guitar, and use of instrument, $15. Drawing, $10. Painting in oil, $15. Latin, and the Italian, Spanish, and German, will be taught at the usual prices, if desired.

Each pupil must be provided with towels and napkins, bed and bedding, or pay $4 per session for their use. Every article of clothing, &c., should be marked in full with the name of the owner.

Pupils who remain during the vacation will be charged $2 50 per week. No extra charge, other than the above, are made.

Books and stationery will be purchased for the pupils when desired.

All boarders will attend the Episcopal Church with the Principal, unless the parents or guardians desire that they should attend other churches. Besides the 2 passenger there are Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Roman Catholic churches in the city.

Bills must, in all cases, be paid quarterly in advance.

References may be made to the following gentlemen: Rev. G. S. Coe, Bridgeport, Conn.; Hon. Andrew T. Judson, Hartford, Conn.; Hon. Samuel Ingham, Essex, Conn.; Rt. Rev. Benj. T. Onderdonk, D. D., Rev. Wm. Berrian, D. D.; Rev. Edward V. Hughes, Rev. Antonio Verren, Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, New York; Rev. T. W. Coit, D. D., New Rochelle, N. Y.; Hon. Millard Fillmore, Buffalo, N. Y.; Edward Penman, Esq., Galveston, Col. Garland, Detroit, Michigan; Col. Andrews, Charleston, S. C.; U. S. Kane, New York; Rev. Wm. Hooker, Co. W. Goodsborough, Esq.; Hon. Anne Kendall, Col. R. W. Seaton, M. M. Cruger Clarke, Esq., Thomas L. Smith, Esq., Wood Lane, Esq., Geo. Jennings, Geo. Townsend, Col. Cross, Washington city; Wm. Gaston, Esq., Hon. Geo. H. Crabb, Mobile, Ala.; Hon. Levi Woodbury, U. S. Senate.

Oct. 14.—3m.

SELECT SCHOOL,
SHARON, CONNECTICUT.

The Rev. S. T. Carpenter will take a few boys into his family, to prepare for College, or the business. Terms, $150, payable half yearly in advance. The scholars will furnish their own beds and towels. Winter term to commence 28th November.

REFERENCES.

Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, D. D. L. L. D., Hartford, Conn.
Rev. David Buckham, D. D., Newtown, Ct.
Richard W. Howell, Esq., Camden, N. J.

Nov. 18.

PROSPECT HALL,
Hagerstown, Washington County, Maryland.
Rev. J. C. Wheat, Principal.

THIS Institution for the boarding and instruction of Young Ladies, was reopened on Tuesday, August 29th.

Teachers properly qualified will give instruction in the French, Italian and Spanish Languages, the Classics and Mathematics.

Terms of tuition, per qr. of 12 weeks.

For boarding (including washing, fuel, lights &c.) and tuition in all the English branches, (one half in advance,) $60 00
For tuition in Music, ... 10 00
For use of Piano, ... 5 00
For tuition in Modern Languages, each 5 00

Parents and Guardians, desirous of sending Pupils, can receive further information by writing to the Principal, or, to Mrs. E. C. Davis, who has charge of the Domestic Department.

References.—Rt. Rev. W. R. Whittingham, Rev. R. V. D. Johns, Rev. H. S. Keppler, Mr. W. H. Norris, Mr. Daniel Sprigg, Baltimore; Rev. J. Buck, Hancock, Md.; Rev. J. Chisholm, Mathiasburg, Va.; Rev. J. Trapnell, Jr., Up. Marlboro', Md.; Rev. T. B. Lemmon, Hagerstown, Md.; Rev. J. Peterkin, Rev. J. Monsé, Rev. J. Grammer, Sr., R. Potts, Esq., R. H. Marshall, Esq., Dr. Wm. Tyler, Frederick, Md.; Rev. S. Suel, Cumberland, Md.

HAGERSTOWN, June 19, 1843.

The undersigned are well acquainted with the Rev. James C. Wheat, who has had the charge of the Young Ladies' Institute in this place for several years past, and is given every pleasure to recommend him as an earnest and most thorough instructor. The course of study embraces all the useful and ornamental branches which are pursued in our best female institutions; and the thorough and efficient manner, in which instruction is imparted, has never failed to give entire satisfaction.

O. H. Williams, Alex. Neill, Sr.
Jno. P. Dennis, Wm. Robertson,
J. Hollingsworth, David Zeller,
D. G. Yost, W. Stewart,
George Fridinger, Samuel Zeller,
J. Snively, Fred'k Green,
Wm. M. Marshall, D. C. Newcomer.

Hagerstown, Sept. 16, 1843.—3m.

MRS. BAILEY'S YOUNG LADIES' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,
At No. 10 Carroll Place, Bleeker st., N. York.

Mrs. Bailey respectfully informs her patrons and the public, that her Fall Term will commence on Thursday, the 7th of September next, at No. 10 Carroll Place—a location unsurpassed for healthy and beauty by any other in New York. The house is well adapted to accommodate twenty boarders with the greatest convenience and comfort. Great attention is devoted to the Instruction in Elocution, Grammar, Arithmetic and Mathematics, Reading, Writing, Composition, and Music. The French language, under the direction of a Parisian lady, is spoken in the family. Classes in Latin, Spanish, Italian, Drawing and Painting, Dancing, and on the Piano-Forte, will be early formed.

Mrs. Bailey has the pleasure of referring to the following distinguished and valuable patronage of those who have exposed to give their daughters a good and accomplished education, on terms suitable to the times.

Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, John W. Francis, M. D., Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Phillips, D. D., Marcus Paine, M. D., Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D., Ed. G. Ludlow, M. D., Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D., S. A. Fort, Esq., Counsellor, Rev. Lewis P. Beach, author.

Thomas S. Scrugg, Esq.

May 27—6m.

THE EPISCOPAL BOOK STORE.

DEPOSITORY of General Protestant Episcopal S. S